

SCREENLAND



NOVEMBER

15¢

Ingrid
Bergman

The Kind Of Guy Crosby Is By Florence Pritchett

Hollywood's **NEWEST** Glamour Secret

Pan-Stik*

RITA HAYWORTH

STAR OF

"THE LOVES
OF CARMEN"

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Production

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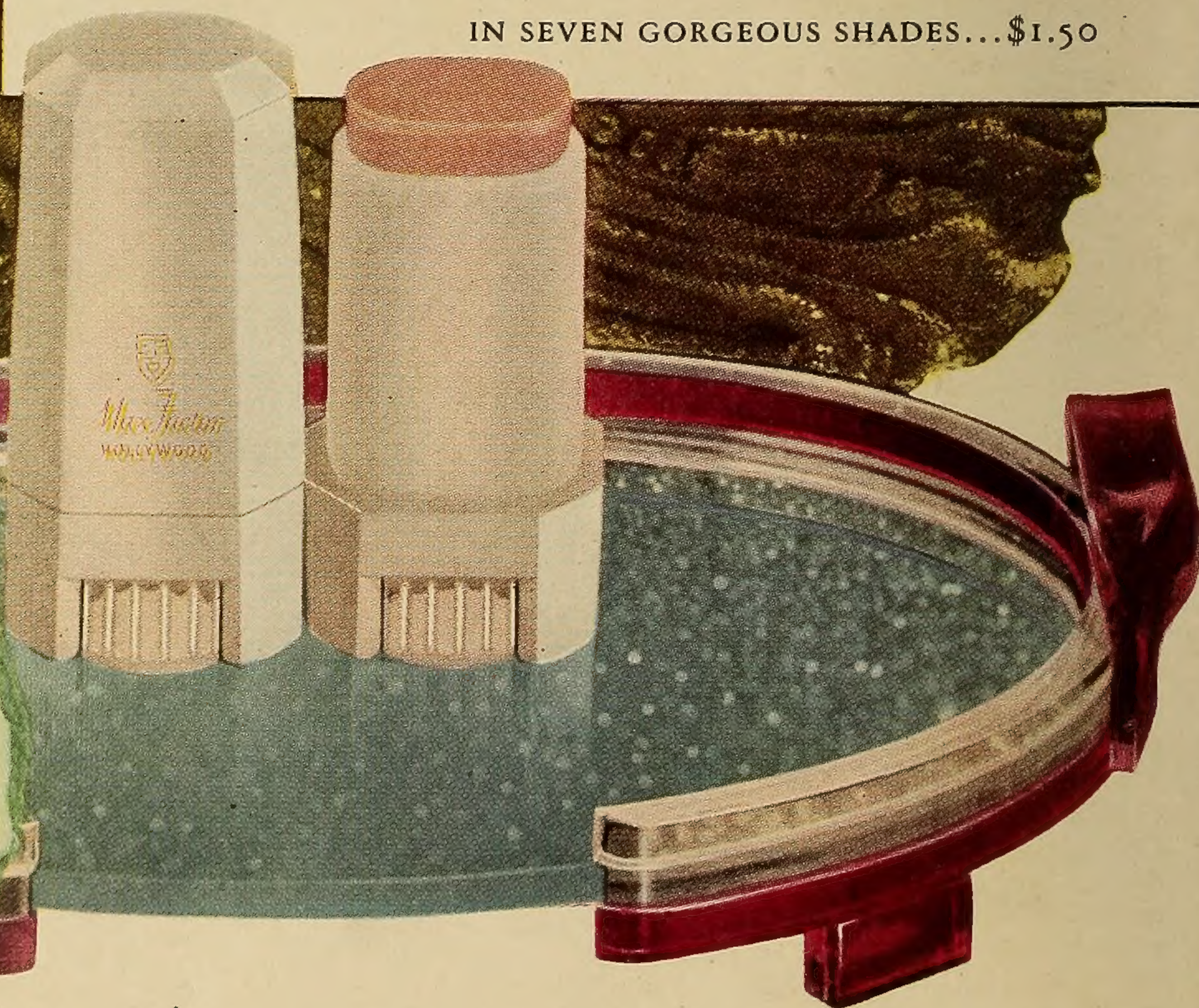
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• **Light in the Sky** by Agatha Young. In the dramatic setting of Ohio's roaring blast furnaces of 1870 a titan of industry and his beautiful, ruthless daughter fight for power.

EVERY other month you will receive the Club's descriptive folder called *The Bulletin*. The Bulletin describes the forthcoming two months' book selections. It also reviews about ten additional titles (in the original publishers' editions selling at retail for \$2.50 or more) available to members at only \$1.00 each. You may purchase either or both of the two new selections for \$1.00 each, or neither. In any case, you may purchase any of the other titles offered for \$1.00 each.

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Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl...so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause your apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. This new Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not crystallize or dry out in the jar. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Arrid is safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

Don't be half-safe. During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.

SCREENLAND

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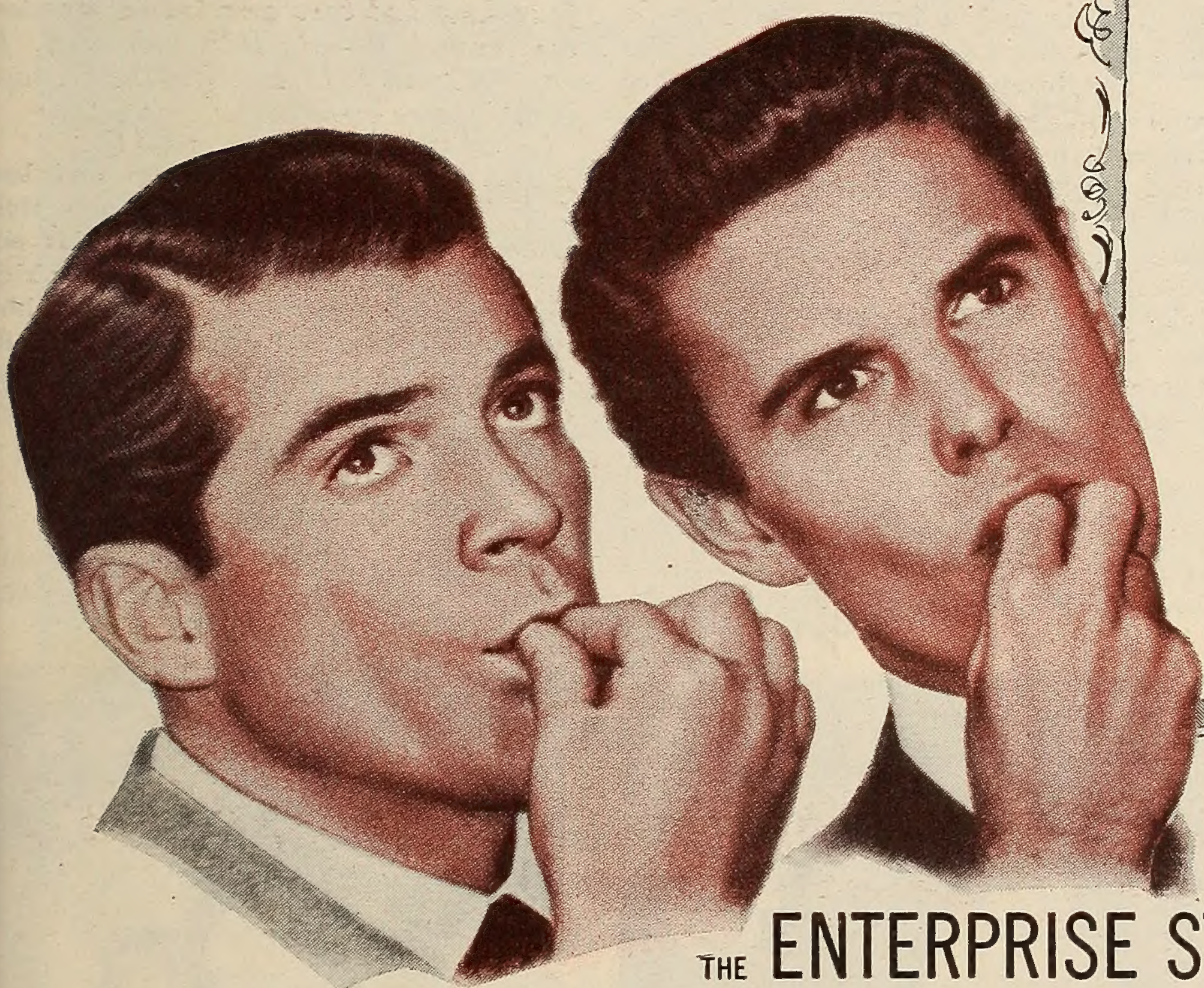
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LEO, The MGM LION

writes a poem
about his new hit!

*"No Minor Vices
is full of Life's Spices"*



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DANA ANDREWS • LILLI PALMER

Best role of his life!

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The "Body And Soul" girl!

LOUIS JOURDAN

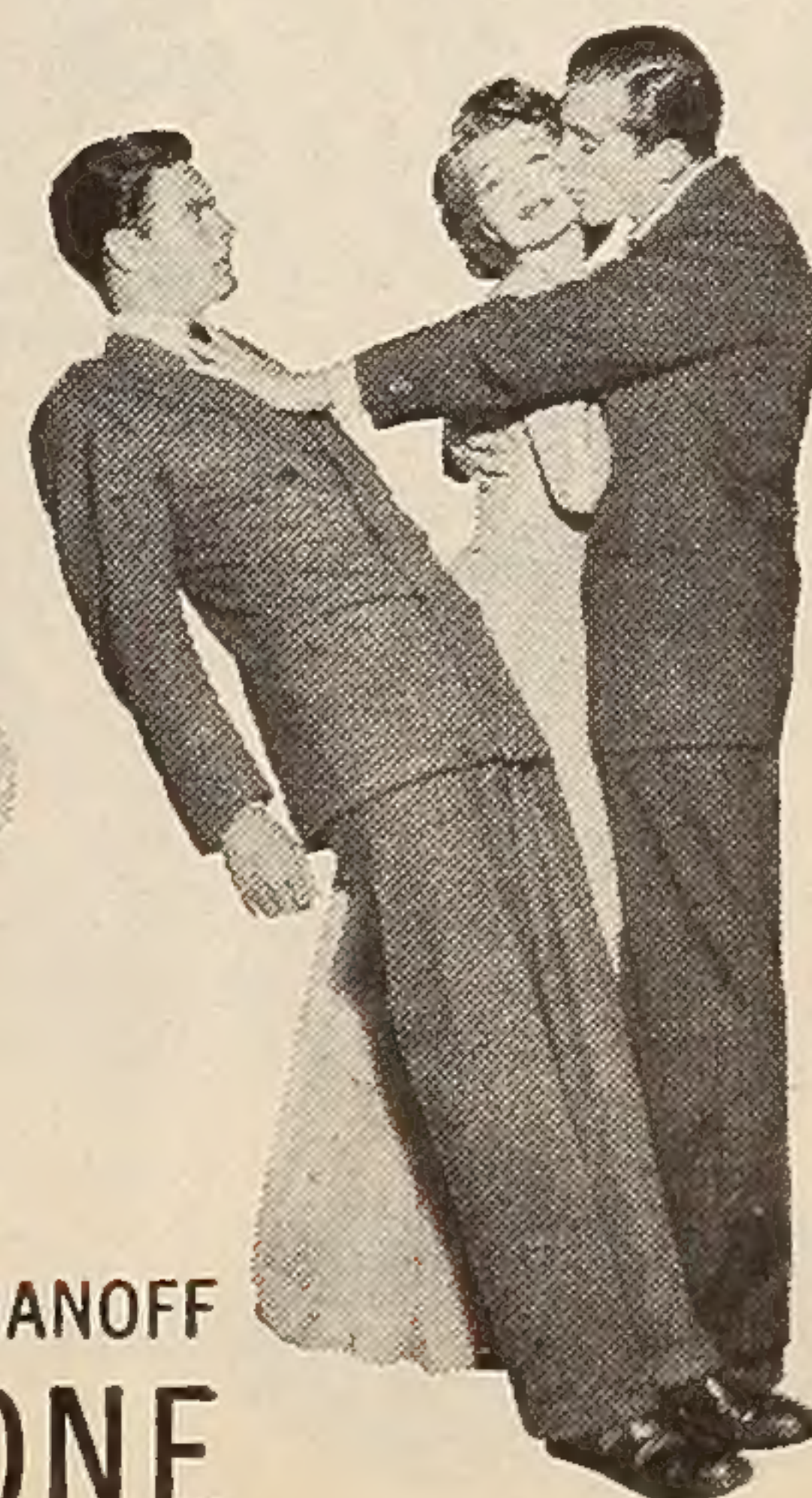
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PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY **LEWIS MILESTONE**



She
may be
your
model
BUT
She's
my
WIFE!

SCREENLAND



Stronger Grip



Won't Slip Out



ASK FOR  Everytime

By
Weston
East



Gossip in the Lobby

LIFE is just a bowl of bubbles—is the way Doris Day sings it! She bought a new house, so now her young son and mother can come West to live with her. Then her estranged husband (George Weidler) arrived in town with Stan Kenton's band. He called Doris up, they drove to the beach and talked until dawn. They saw each other daily until the band left. They know now how much they love each other. There are no future plans, except that eventually they'll be together—always.

—O—

Pity poor "Tarzan"—or Lex Barker to you. After wrestling with lions all day at the studio, he came home and found his family in a turmoil. His pet New-

foundland had been arrested for wandering through Beverly Hills unleashed. It cost "Tarzan" \$15 to bring the "savage beast" home again!

—O—

There have been good days and bad days, since Van Johnson first came to Hollywood. Never once has he lost his enthusiasm. That's why he got a terrific kick out of 20th Century-Fox borrowing him for "Mother Was A Freshman." When he tried to get a test with that company, they couldn't see him. Now he's going to co-star with Loretta Young. Once upon a time Van used to send her fan letters!

—O—

It happened at the preview of "Johnny Belinda." When the picture was over,



Hedy Lamarr, next in "Samson And Delilah," at Stork Club with Comedienne Bea Lillie.



Betty Bligh and Ronald Reagan get in groove listening to the King Cole Trio at Ciro's.



Abbott and Costello greet their \$30,000 contest winner, Mrs. Bessie M. Lawrence.



Pat O'Brien, of RKO's "The Boy With Green Hair," takes the missus to Del Mar races.

There was temptation
in her helpless silence



... and then torment

WHEREVER motion pictures are shown "Johnny Belinda" will be the most discussed drama this year . . .

Never has the screen been more fearlessly outspoken. Rarely, if ever, has there been a story of a young girl's betrayal to touch you as will this one. You certainly will want to see it— we urge you to watch for the opening date.

WARNER BROS.

present a daring and courageous new dramatic achievement

JANE WYMAN · LEW AYRES

With this performance Jane Wyman unquestionably establishes her talent as among the very foremost on the screen.

The doctor first to find her secret, first to share her shame.



"Johnny Belinda"

WITH
CHARLES BICKFORD

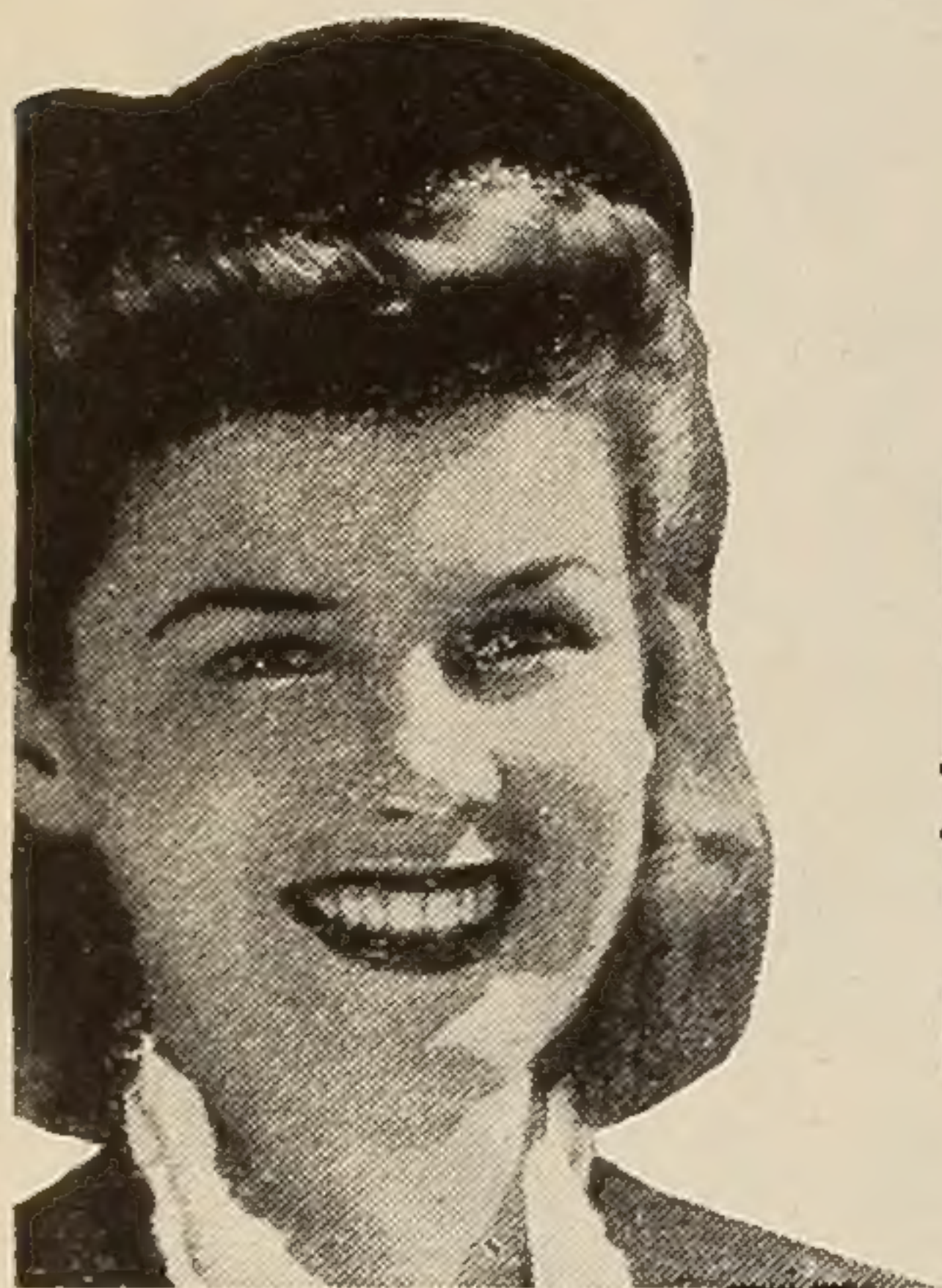
AGNES MOOREHEAD · STEPHEN McNALLY · JEAN NEGULESCO · JERRY WALD
Screen Play by IRMGARD VON CUBE and ALLEN VINCENT · From the Stage Play by Elmer Harris · Produced by Harry Wagstaff Gribble · Music by MAX STEINER



SCREENLAND

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—and
be
counted



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Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association



Mrs. Randolph Scott and Robert Cummings, at a Mocambo party, discuss their mates.

an enthusiastic female buttonholed Charles Bickford. "You were just darling," she cooed. "Just darling—and cute." The red-headed he-man star gave her one of his nicest "dirty" looks. "Darling and cute?" he grunted. "Look, lady, you're confused. The name is Bickford—not Pickford!"

—O—

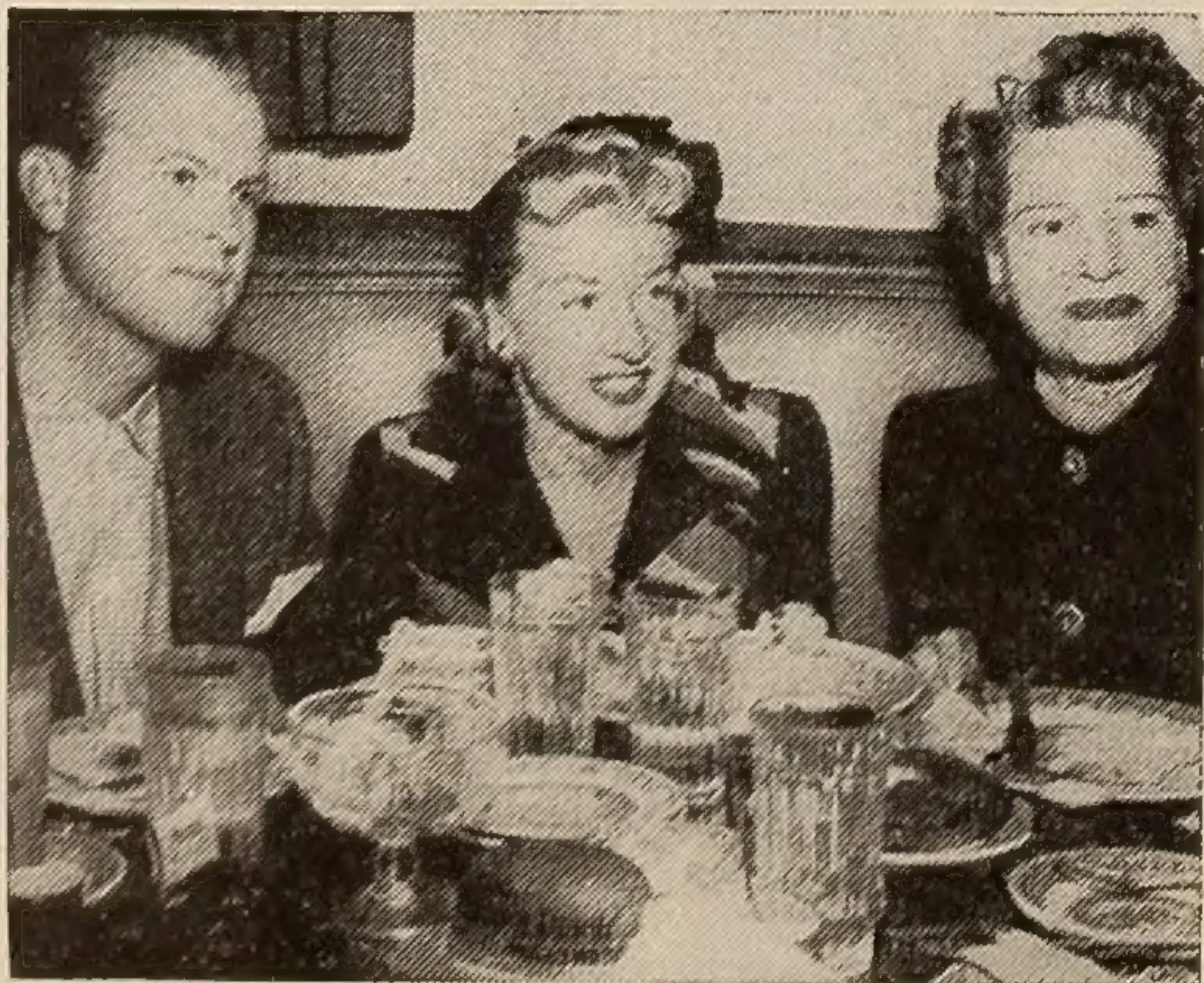
Personal to Montgomery Clift: *Ever since they saw you in "The Search," Hollywood's glamour girls have been dying to meet you. They know you are single and unattached. Recently you came out to play opposite Olivia de Havilland in "The Heiress." Two lovely ladies (we promised not to reveal names) have made a bet. For the one who dates you first, the other buys a John Fred-erics' hat! We just thought you'd like to know!*

—O—

Dan Dailey temperamental? The studio was stunned when their favorite joy boy asked for a week off from "Chicken Every



George Raft dances with Lita Baron, Rory Calhoun's favorite date, at Del Mar Hotel.



The Jack Wrathers, of "Strike It Rich," lunch with Bonita's mother at Brown Derby.



Randolph Scott and Mrs. Robert Cummings, their cross-table partners, at same party.

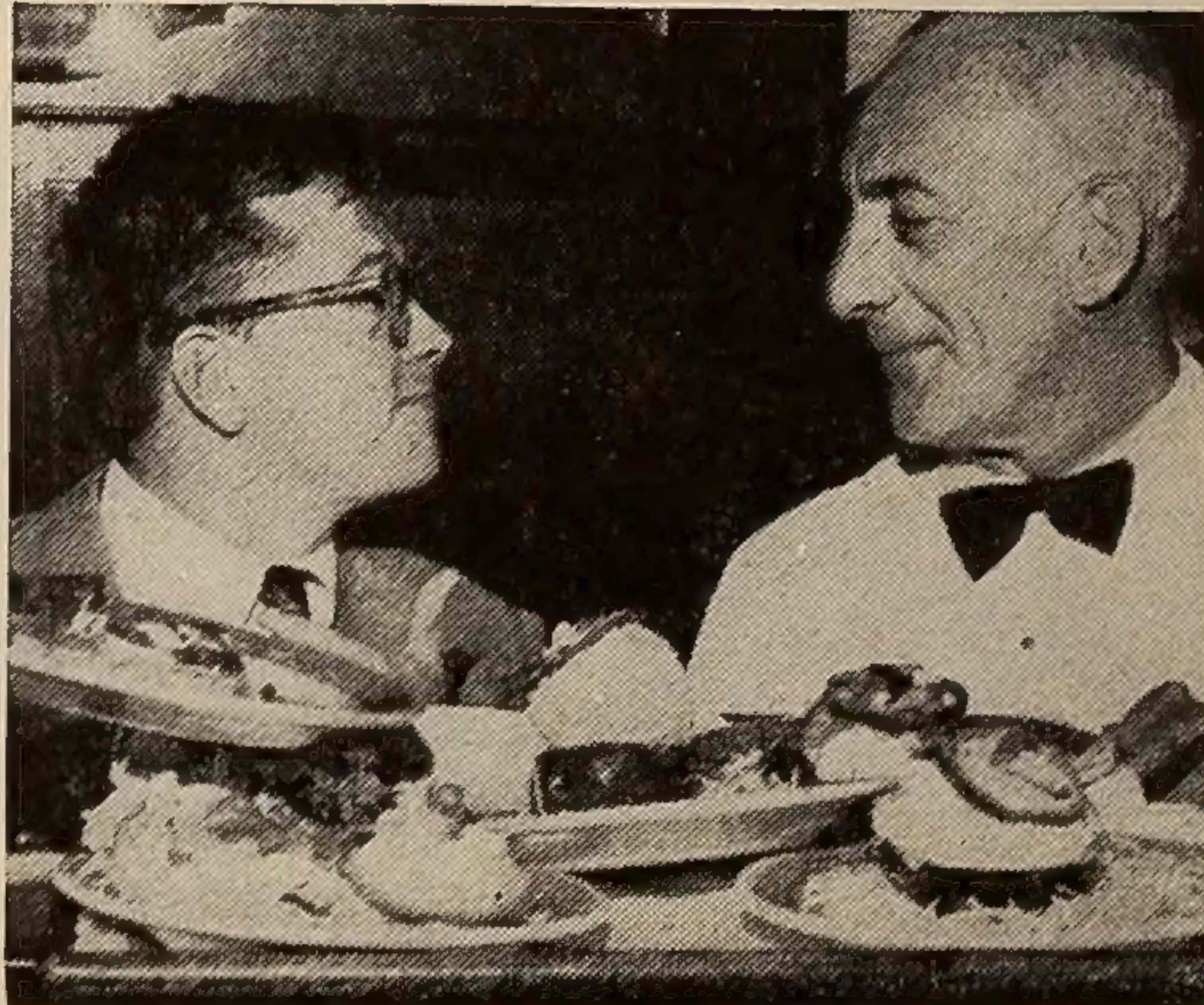
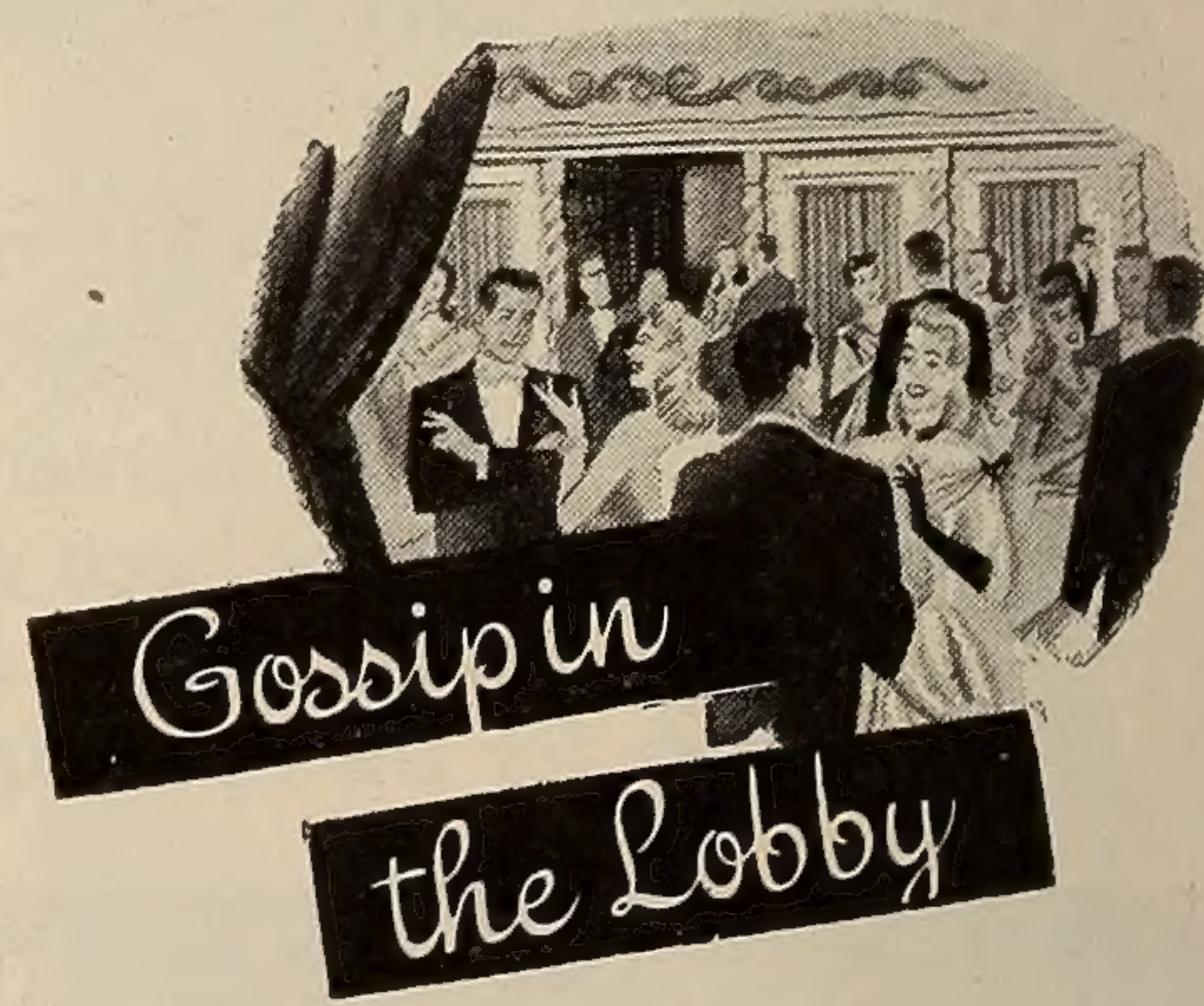
Sunday." When they got him on the phone, he finally confessed that his horse had stepped on his foot and he couldn't walk! With a sigh of relief, they quickly arranged to shoot those scenes where he just lies on an Army cot and talks. But what a ribbing Dan took from Celeste Holm and the rest of the cast!

—O—

Sonny Tufts and Victor Mature blush with shame when they walk on the "Interference" set. Real gridiron stars are being used in this story of American football. Next to these young giants, Sonny and Vic (who both weigh over 200) look like sissies. Incidentally, when they were searching for the right director, they ended up choosing Jacques Tourneur, a talented Frenchman! It could only happen in Hollywood!

—O—

For technical reasons they had to suspend Ray Milland, when he refused to make "The Mask Of Lucretia." But they still love him at Paramount. During the



Mickey Rooney has something to say in favor of salads to Hollywood Brown Derby waiter.



James Nasser Presents

Fred MacMurray

who tries to put one over on

Madeleine Carroll

(who's not so innocent, either)

in . . . "AN INNOCENT AFFAIR"

with **CHARLES 'BUDDY' ROGERS** • **RITA JOHNSON** • **LOUISE ALLBRITTON** • **ALAN MOWBRAY**
 Directed by **LLOYD BACON** • A **JAMES NASSER** Production • Original Screenplay by **LOU BRESLOW** and **JOSEPH HOFFMAN** • Released thru **UNITED ARTISTS**

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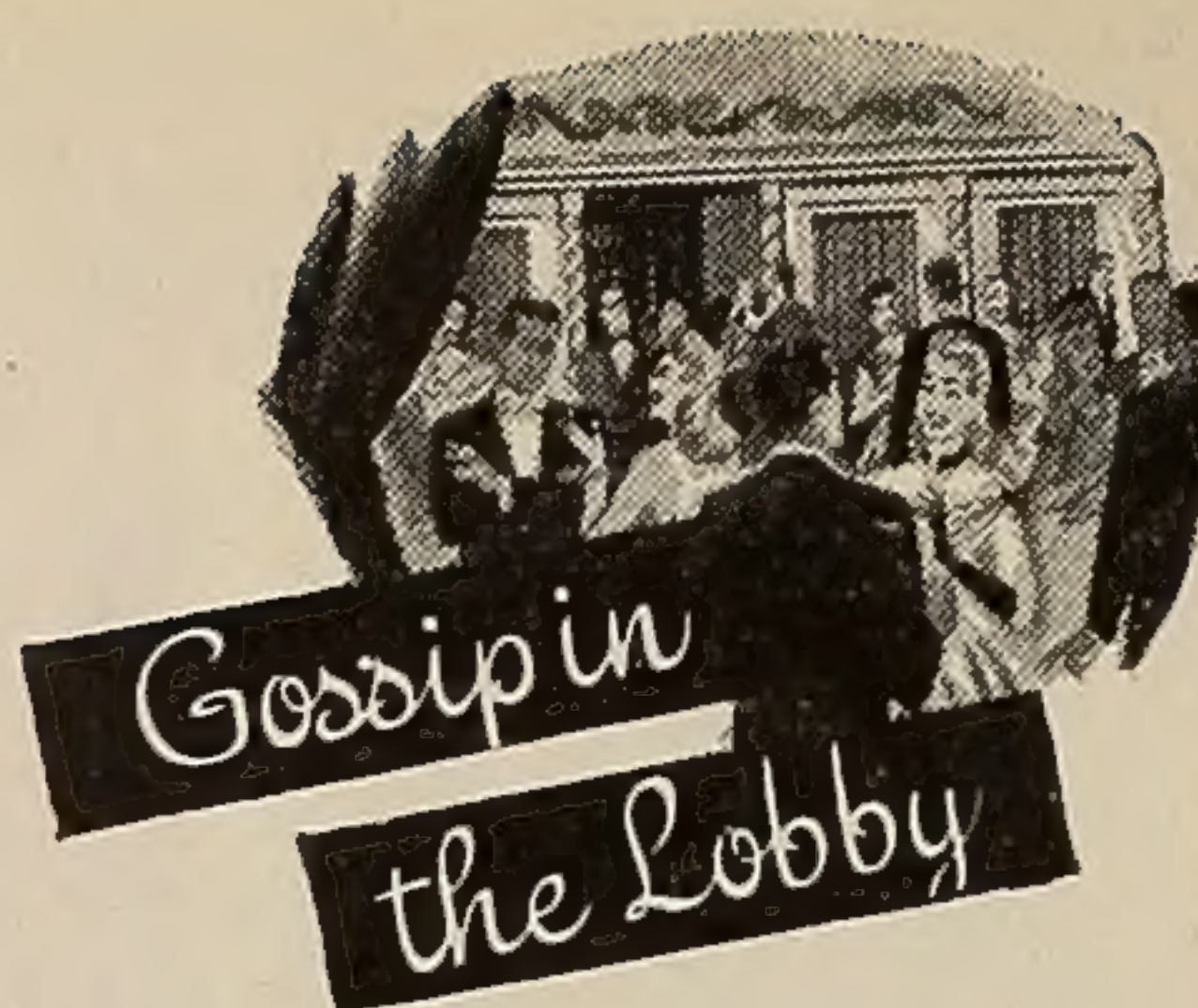
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Spike Jones and bride, Helen Greco,
at their Beverly Hills Hotel reception.



Joyce Matthews with estranged hubby,
Milton Berle, at Slapsy Maxie's.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Heflin dine at the
Stork Club during New York visit.



18 years he's been in pictures, Ray has never turned down a role. This record his bosses aren't overlooking. Actually, they're searching madly for a story that is worthy of his talent displayed in "The Lost Weekend."

Burt Lancaster remains at all times the rugged individualist. When he finished "Criss Cross," Warner Bros. wanted to borrow him to play opposite Joan Crawford in "Flamingo Road." They even offered to pay a handsome bonus. Burt declined to co-star with Hollywood's number one glamour girl, because he had already made plans to tour the vaudeville circuit, doing his old circus stunts.

Humphrey Bogart does not forget—which only adds to the irony of this story. About six years ago a talented young actress played a small part opposite the star. An enthusiastic Bogey made a mental note to remember the girl when a good role came along. Recently, he needed a certain type leading lady for "Knock On Any Door." The part was perfect for Susan Peters—who is the girl in our story. A luckier Susan Perry (formerly Candy Toxton) won out.

Any other husband would have been furious, but Cornel Wilde was delighted. He and Patricia Knight were stopped by a fan, as they left the studio where they are making "The Lovers." First, Pat was asked for her autograph. Turning

to Cornel, the fan seriously said: "Now will you please sign my book, too—Mr. Knight!" Our boy signed it—Cornel Knight!

Aside from his acting talent, too much cannot be said about Eddie Albert's kind heart. Every penny he made in "You Gotta Stay Happy" (opposite Joan Fontaine and Jimmy Stewart) went back into his series of educational shorts. Eddie, aided by his lovely wife, Margo, is deeply concerned with the welfare of young America. By properly presenting sex education and body preservation, he's already reduced juvenile delinquency. Hollywood should be very proud of him.



Jimmy Durante and Lauritz Melchior,
MGM favorites, light up at the Mocambo.

Watch for that scene in "June Bride" where Bette Davis and Robert Montgomery cuddle-up in a sleigh filled with hay. They may have looked lovey-dovy, but oh, brother! Adding insult to realism, they discovered the hay was filled with—fleas! Both Bette and Bob were "itching" to get away to their farms in the East. So they stuck it out—but it sure kept them "hopping!"

—o—

Good news for you Helmut Dantine fans, who have remained loyal while he's been off the screen. Warner Bros. want him to come back and star in "Autumn Crocus," which was bought for him originally. Word reached Helmut the day his seven and a half pound son came into the world. He's been nicknamed "Lucky"—for obvious reasons.

—o—

Despite verbal and printed denials, separation rumors for the Rex Harrisons continue to intrigue Hollywood. Some believe they're only waiting for time to lapse, following the tragic death of Carole Landis. No sooner was that publicity on the wane, than Rex's ex-wife in London appealed for legal aid. According to her claim, the charming Britisher owes her thousands of dollars in back alimony.

—o—

Red-headed Rhonda Fleming is really in there—whirling. Her contract is now shared by David Selznick, Paramount and Bing Crosby, who selected her for "A Connecticut Yankee." No sooner was she catching her first good breath, than Bob Hope requested her for "Easy Does It." When Rhonda told Bing the good news, he just shook his head sadly. "Read your contract carefully, girl," he "warned" her, "or Hope will insert a clause that forces you to laugh at those jokes!"

—o—

That "feud" continues between those good friends, Spencer Tracy and Clark Gable. If plans work out, both are supposed to be in Europe at the same time. Spence hopes to "frame" Clark with a gag cable from Esther Williams. It will request him to personally select for her, a dozen of those daring diaper French bathing suits! If Clark falls for it, wouldn't you love to be in on that shopping tour?

—o—

It would have been so easy for Gloria De Haven to be bitter over Ginger Rogers replacing Judy Garland in "The Barkleys Of Broadway." Gloria, like Judy (and unlike Ann Miller) is the right size and type for Fred Astaire. She can dance and sing, too. The day Ginger started rehearsals (and mighty glad she was to be back with "The Master"), Gloria stopped by to wish everyone good luck.

—o—

"Wild Bill Wellman," he's affectionately called. And with good reason. The director was rehearsing six-feet-four Gregory Peck and five-feet-four Anne Baxter, in a love scene for "Yellow Sky." The stars looked anything but convincing. "Wild Bill" screamed for a shovel and tossed it at Greg's feet. "Here, dig yourself a hole to stand in!" Greg dug, until his lips met Anne's from a kissable angle.

I never sit out
this number...



I'm a safety-first girl with Mum

As a skating partner, Beautiful—you keep the boys going around in circles... around you. And with Mum for protection against underarm odor, you'll stay nice to be near.

So never trust your charm to anything but dependable Mum. Remember, your bath only washes away past perspiration—but Mum prevents risk of future underarm odor. Get Mum today!



Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum safer for charm

Mum checks perspiration odor, protects your daintiness all day or all evening.

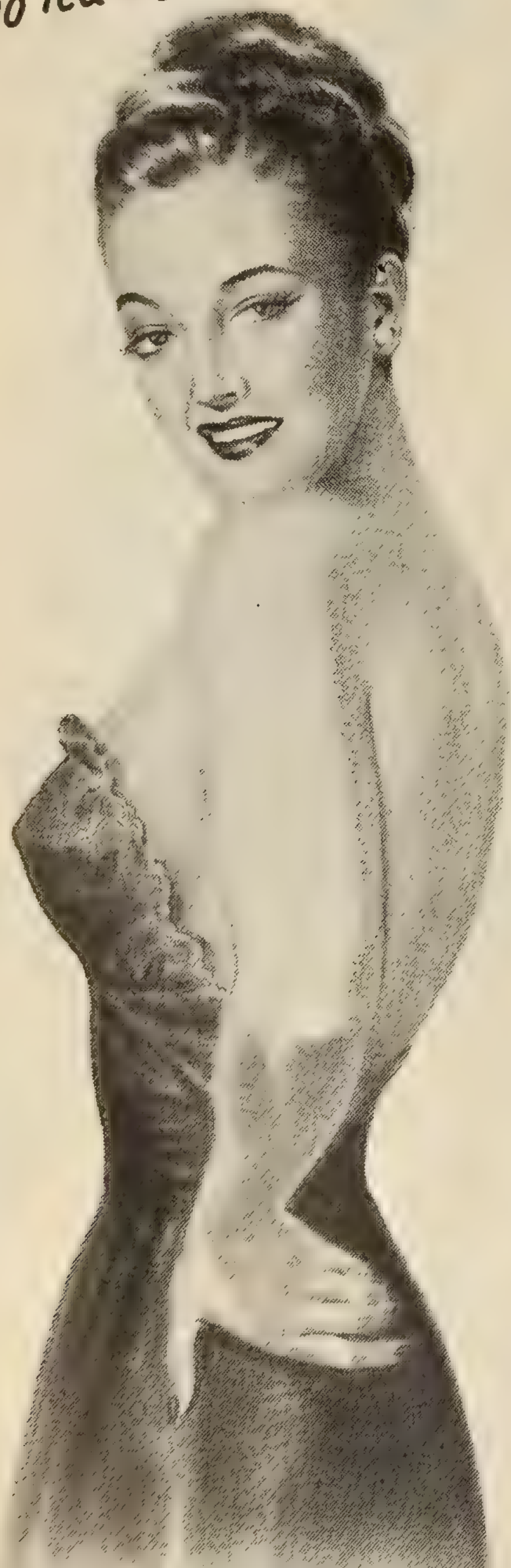
Mum safer for skin

Because Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Snow-white Mum is gentle—harmless to skin.

Mum safer for clothes

No damaging ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even after you're dressed.

The Delicious story of
America's most beautiful
model... and 3 men
who led a model life!



BENEDICT BOGEAUS presents

DOROTHY LAMOUR

GEORGE MONTGOMERY

CHARLES LAUGHTON

in

*"The Girl from
Manhattan"*

with

ERNEST TRUAX • HUGH HERBERT • WM. FRAWLEY

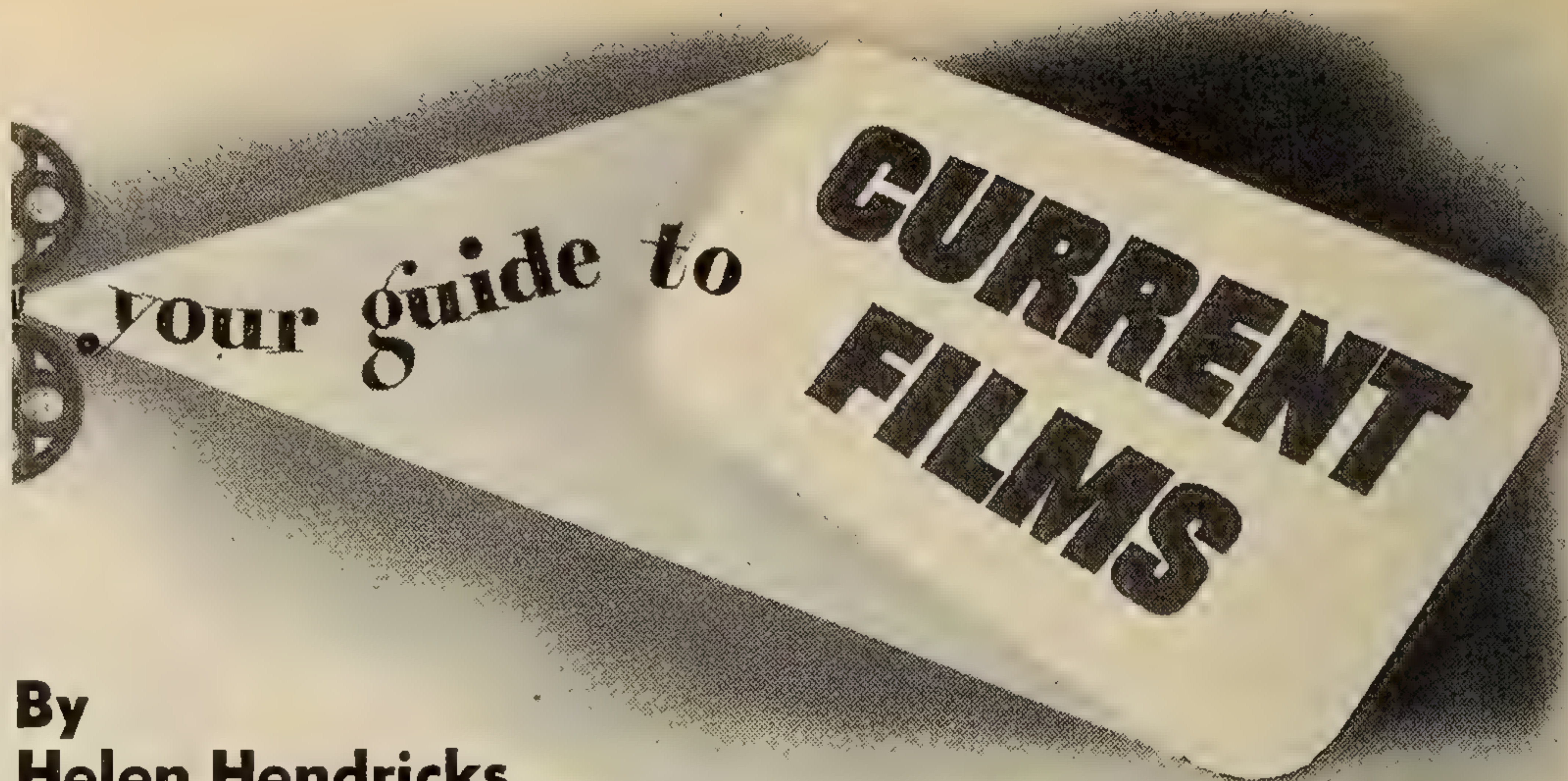
CONSTANCE COLLIER • SARA ALLGOOD

DIRECTED BY ALFRED E. GREEN

Original Story and Screenplay by Howard Estabrook

PRODUCED BY BENEDICT BOGEAUS

Released thru United Artists



By
Helen Hendricks



William Bendix, in role of baseball's greatest hero, William Frawley and Charles Bickford in Allied Artists' "The Babe Ruth Story."

Cry Of The City

20th Century-Fox

ADAPTED from the suspense novel "The Law And Martin Rome," this picture becomes a grim, yet human, drama of one criminal's fight against the law. With Richard Conte playing the role of *Martin Rome*, murderer and fugitive, and Victor Mature as

the detective who doesn't forget he's a human being, both actors are superbly cast. As a matter of fact, each individual appearing in the picture gives a top performance. A number of scenes shot in New York give the film a feeling of authenticity. This is not a preachy picture—at least, not the way Mature underplays his lines—but the result will



Left: Vic Mature, Dick Conte, in 20th Century's "Cry Of The City."



Above: Rita Hayworth in Columbia's "The Loves Of Carmen." Left: John Payne and Joan Caulfield in U-I's drama, "Larceny."



haunt your mind for days, especially the final shot showing Mature and Rome's kid brother. A picture like this, and an actor like Conte are credits to Hollywood.

Good Sam

RKO

THIS is a picture about a man called Sam who is very good, and who loves the human race so much that he almost wrecks his own marriage by his benevolent actions. Gary Cooper is Sam, and Ann Sheridan is his wife, who loses her patience when Sam's kindness almost costs them their "dream" home. But when Christmas Eve rolls around, after an hour and thirty minutes, Sam shows them all that kindness pays off, and that bread cast on waters comes back French toast.

The Babe Ruth Story

Allied Artists

FOR baseball fans and all admirers of the late Babe Ruth, this film will be an adequate view of the Bambino's eventful life. Actually, if the picture didn't take the doomed attitude from the very beginning, and had told Ruth's life story minus the constant barrage of sentiment, this might have been an excellent record of baseball's most colorful and beloved figure. William Bendix does well with his difficult assignment. But, somehow, the real Babe Ruth and the feeling for baseball seems to be lacking.

Isn't It Romantic?

Paramount

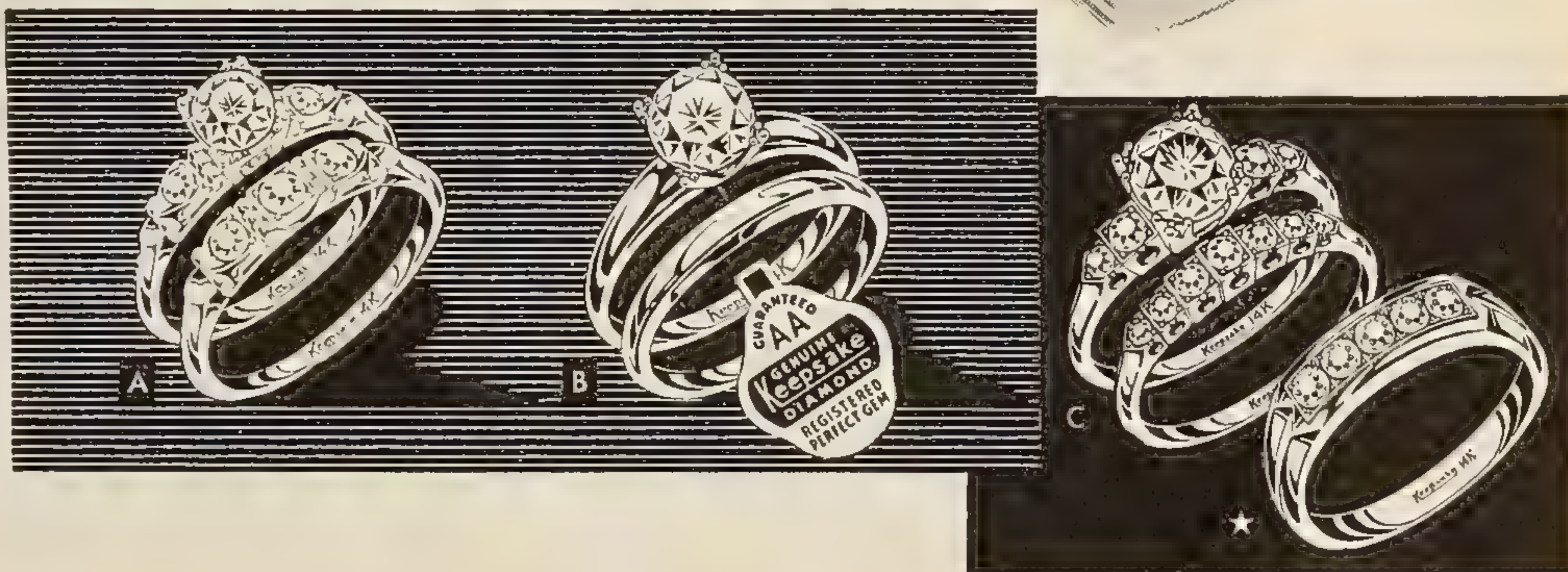
AND it sure is with Veronica Lake, Mona Freeman and Mary Hatcher cavorting across the screen in a sister-act. The girls are all dolled up a la 1910—the new look before it got all this publicity. However, it might be the new look in clothes, but it's an old-look story: a father who is still fighting the Civil War and thinks work is beneath his dignity. Naturally, papa louses up one daughter's romance with the town's most eligible bachelor, gets himself involved with a swindler, Patric Knowles, and almost loses another daughter to said villain. There are songs by anyone who can sing, comedy by Billy De Wolfe, and a cannon that goes BANG just as everyone is smiling happily into the camera.

Rachel And The Stranger

RKO

IF YOU'RE looking for a picture that's just a little bit different, then this is one you shouldn't miss. In addition to having Academy Award Winner Loretta Young, Robert Mitchum and Bill Holden as a frontier-days' triangle, there's an exciting Indian raid, some mighty fancy singin' by Mitchum and a love story that's pretty darn cute. It all starts when Widower Holden decides that his young son needs a woman's influence around the cabin. He meets Bondwoman Loretta Young, buys her for a fast \$22, marries her and promptly relegates her to being his son's tutor, and just plain chore-girl. That is, until Mitchum appears to show this here kinda treatment ain't fittin' fer a gal as purty as Rachel.

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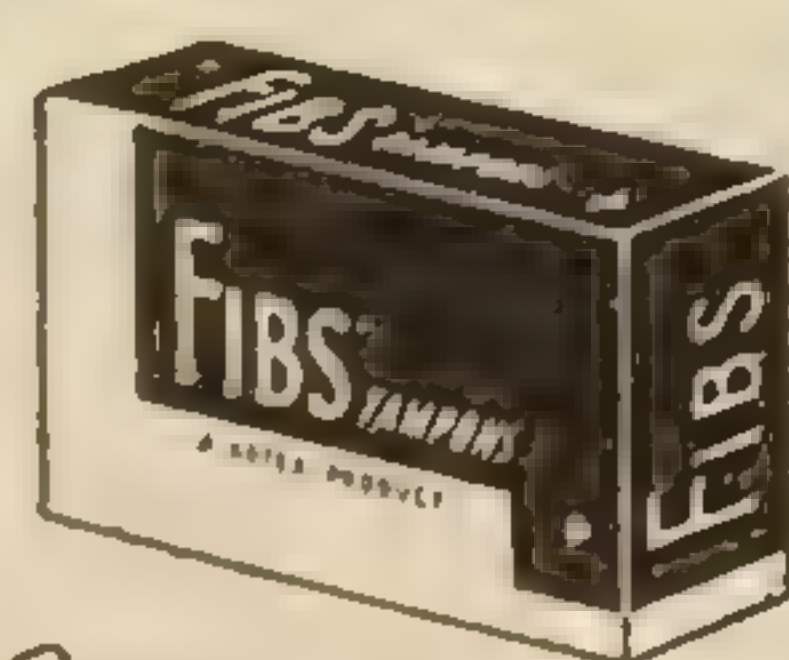
Rounded Ends
See how the gently rounded
ends make Fibs tampons
really easy to use!

"Quilted" Comfort

Only Fibs are quilted... to
keep Fibs from fluffing up to
an uncomfortable size!

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Fibs' quilting helps prevent
cotton particles from clinging
to delicate internal tissues!



*Internal
Sanitary Protection*

T.M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



Ann Sheridan and Gary Cooper with Lora Lee Michel and Bobby Dolan, Jr., in family scene of RKO's "Good Sam," story of a man too good for his own good.

From then on, it's Mitchum vs. Holden, with Miss Young winding up winner and still champion.

For The Love Of Mary

Universal-International

PURSUED by three young men, Edmond O'Brien, Jeffrey Lynn, and Don Taylor, Deanna Durbin hardly has time to answer any of the business calls, she's supposed to handle as a switchboard operator at the White House, U.S.A.—honest! Not only do these amorous blades tie up the presidential telephone wires with calls to the fair lady, but almost everyone who's anyone in Washington is in on the three-way romance—including, yup, yup, yup, the President, himself! Deanna sings, and Mr. President gives advice on how to cure hiccups. It seems you take a paper bag, and. . .

An Innocent Affair

United Artists

BESIDES bringing back Buddy Rogers to the screen, this picture is quite a gay, sophisticated farce about an advertising executive, Fred MacMurray, who has a suspicious wife, Madeleine Carroll. Buddy does a nice job of playing a soft-spoken Southern tobacco magnate who meets and falls for Miss Carroll under very amusing circumstances. Things get funnier after MacMurray learns who his competitor in romance is. Fred then gets into a mess of trouble by telling whoppers to get his mixed marital life back to normal.

Station West

RKO

AND here we have an interesting Western, especially if you can figure out what it's all about. Of course, you'll immediately know that Dick Powell is working as an Army undercover man who's tracking down the murderers of two soldiers who were slain while guard-



Leslie Brooks and Paul Henreid in Eagle Lion's drama, "Hollow Triumph."



George Brent and Frances Gifford romance for MGM's gay "Luxury Liner."



Fred MacMurray, Madeleine Carroll in United Artists' "An Innocent Affair."

ing a gold shipment. And you'll also know that Jane Greer is not only a lovely cookie, but a mighty sharp operator who's cleverer than she's letting on. Agnes Moorehead and Burl Ives also figure in this somewhere, but just exactly where, is hard to say. Maybe you'll have better luck.

The Saxon Charm

Universal-International

IF ANYONE should ask you, "How nasty can you get!?" you could easily point to *Matt Saxon*, the central figure in this drama about the literary set of New York. *Saxon*, a play producer, played by Robert Montgomery, is really quite a character. Completely without conscience, he likes to imagine himself as Ruler Of All He Surveys. It works for a time on John Payne, Susan Hayward and Audrey Totter, but chum *Saxon* gets his come-uppance and even though he takes no notice of it, at least the nice people involved and the audience get some satisfaction.

The Loves Of Carmen

Columbia

STARRING Rita Hayworth as *Carmen*, and Glenn Ford as *Don Jose*, the picture is a colorful display of sex, fighting and reading the future from a deck of cards. The fickle *Carmen*, who can't seem to go steady with any one man, is finally taken out of circulation—but good—by ex-soldier, turned renegade, Ford who finds out she is two-timing him for some dashing bullfighter. It's a good evening's entertainment, and by the time you hear all the Spanish names pronounced, you've just about got first-year Spanish covered.

Hollow Triumph

Eagle Lion

WHEN a criminal mind is brilliant and in possession of someone like Paul Henreid, there's bound to be repercussions, and they come fast and furious in this picture. Playing a double role, Henreid does acting wonders when he murders an uppercrust psychiatrist and, in order to escape the gunmen out to kill him, changes his identity. Unfortunately, for Joan Bennett, who falls in love with him, she's subjected to some pretty rough treatment, gets whacked across her lovely face, is an unwitting accessory to the murder, and finally gets her heart broken when a strange twist of fate keeps Henreid from escaping the country with her. The action is fast and the suspense kept up until the final scene.

Race Street

RKO

WELL, if you're interested in what happens to big-moneyed book-makers when a competitive gang of racketeers tries to muscle in, then this is your meat. George Raft, one of the nicer bookies in business, is faced with just such a situation, and when a pal of George's gets killed by the mob, he really gets mad. Then, when he finds out his gal is giving him a fast shuffle and is working for the mob, he gets even madder. The last you see of George, he is being cradled in the arms of copper-pal, (Please turn to page 73)

What this young wife WANTS TO KNOW BUT HATES TO ASK...



Learn Here Scientific Truth You Can Trust about these *Intimate Physical Facts!*

It's pretty difficult for a young wife who hasn't been instructed by her doctor on how important vaginal douching often is to intimate cleanliness, health, womanly charm and marriage happiness.

Worse yet—pity the wife who, from ignorant advice of friends, still uses weak or dangerous products for her douche. You owe it to yourself and husband to learn NOW about modern ZONITE—how *no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide* of all those tested for the douche is SO POWERFUL yet SO SAFE to *tissues*.

Zonite Principle Developed By Famous Surgeon and Scientist

What better assurance could you want than to know that a famous Surgeon and renowned Scientist developed the ZONITE principle—the

first antiseptic-germicide principle in the world with such a powerful germicidal and deodorizing action yet ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS. ZONITE is positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. You can use ZONITE as directed *as often as needed* without the slightest risk of injury.

A Modern Miracle!

ZONITE destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's so *powerfully effective*—it kills every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can feel *confident* ZONITE *immediately* kills every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying. Scientific douching instructions come with every bottle. Buy ZONITE at any drugstore.

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**A pre-Christmas
Guide to gifts for
men as suggested
by clear-thinking
Hollywood males**

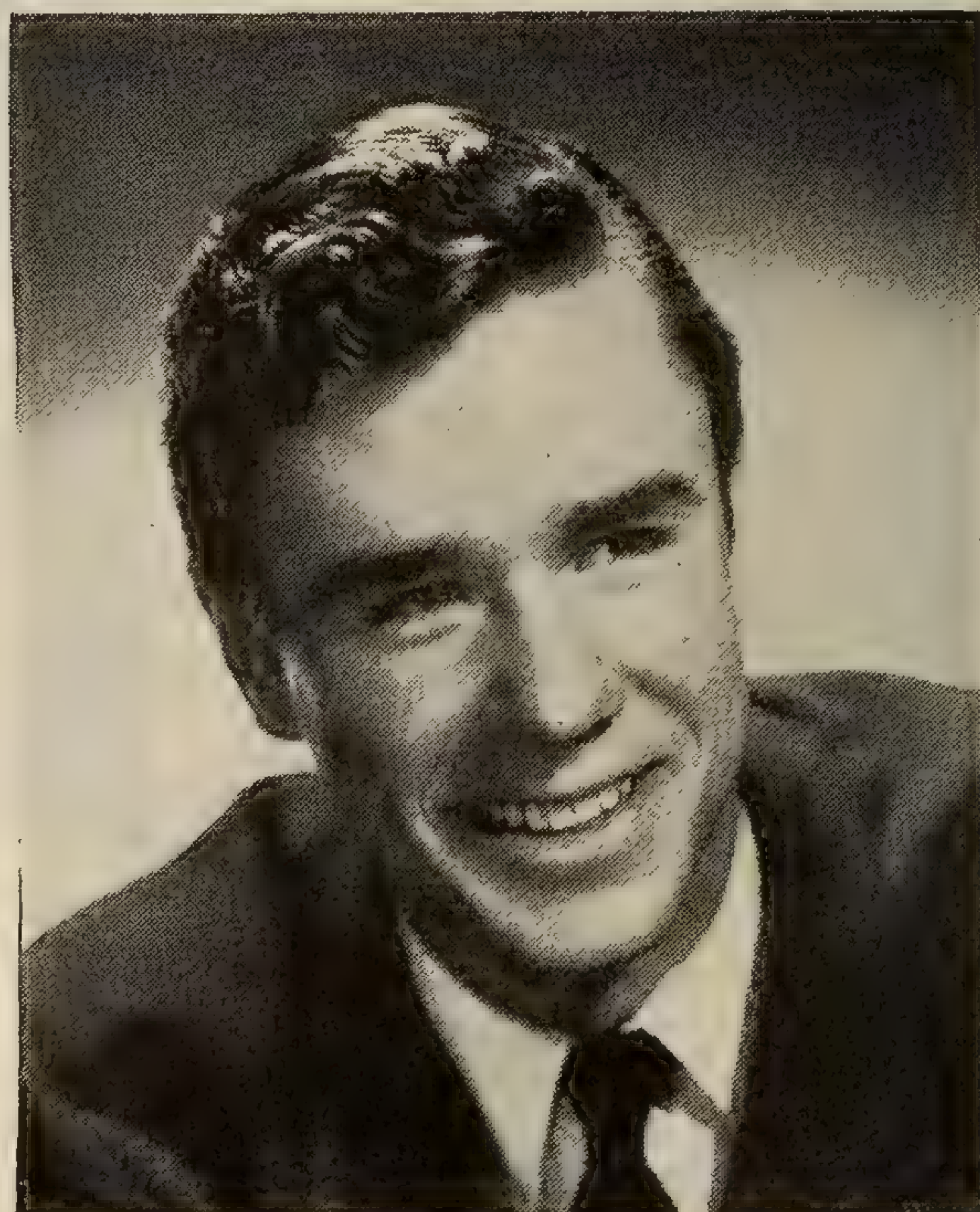
**By
Courtenay
Marvin**



Robert Young, family man, sums up his needs in easy, mannish fashion. He knows what he wants.



Robert Stack, eligible young bachelor, puts a lot of dos and don'ts in his suggestions.



Marshall Thompson's Christmas wish is for the whole wide world. He wants peace and good will.

a man — size gift list

CHRISTMAS is closer than you think. It's always that way. It sneaks up because this is a season of heightened tempo. Football, school and college activities, more social life in the home, that new television set and all the happy doings steal time. So we hit upon the bright idea of planning and shopping for men well in advance. Our platform is get the men out of your shopping life first. Then your girl list will go like a charm.

Now Christmas shopping for men, from little brother to the big boss, is a subject to approach with temerity. For men seem far more sensitive and shy about voicing their wants and their tastes, the little darlings, than the girls. So for a refreshing memory refresher we went straight to Hollywood and asked three male stars, representing different age and interest groups, just what they hoped somebody would give them for Christmas. Here are their reactions in a nutshell:

WE START with Robert Young, maestro of our gift panel and star of RKO's forthcoming "Baltimore Escapade." Bob should be very experienced in this gift matter, possessing as he does a charming wife and four daughters. A complete Christmas victim of the feminine influence, he has had years of the family trying to avoid the usual and thinking up something different and original. Result, this year Bob is going very practical and asking for socks, ties and handkerchiefs.

For the men in your family, these are certainly the old faithfuls for your gift list. Handkerchiefs are a cinch. Our only warning is on ties and socks. Otherwise conservative ladies often let Christmas spirit go to their heads and go berserk on color. So choose your color chart from the type of socks and ties a man usually wears, and keep somewhat to the general pattern, oh, well, with maybe a little splurge on the young and gay side. And do buy ties and socks with the under-

standing that they may be exchanged. And don't feel hurt if the recipient does exchange. He'll thank you for being a good sport as well as for the gift.

* * *

ROBERT STACK, appearing in "Fighter Squadron," approaches the gift situation on the assumption that the giver is a pretty girl. From her he wants nothing, absolutely nothing, but a date! In this case, he'd much prefer to give. Then feeling that maybe somebody else is going to give him a gift anyway, he lists his yeas and his nays, to quote:

"Don't buy me neckties. Certain materials tie much better than others. Poplins and Botany flannels, for example, tie much better than crepes and soft silks. I won't say a word about women picking patterns. I just prefer to select my own.

"Don't go shopping for me in a gimmick store. Those fancy duck calls, fishdeliars and gun buffers look mighty attractive all wrapped up in a gift box. For the prac- (Please turn to page 64)



THE CUTER THEY ARE THE HARDER THEY FALL

By Sonia Lee

AS THE TOWERS of Manhattan gleamed in the morning sun, Clara's hopeful young heart pounded with eagerness and expectation. "What a beautiful city!" she thought. "My city to be!"

There would be so many fascinating places to see . . . so many famous people to meet . . . such an interesting job in one of the big studios. And, of course, a wonderful man whom she would some day meet and marry.

The vast catacombs of brick and mortar held no terror for her whatsoever. With her courage, her ability, her looks, how could she fail? As the train shot into the tunnel she took a last look at the tall buildings, now warming under the rising sun.

"It's my oyster, my great, big,

beautiful oyster! And I'm the one to open it."

At first, things seemed to go beautifully. She *did* meet a few famous people . . . but they didn't see her a second time. She *did* land a good job . . . but somehow it didn't last. And she *did* meet the dream man . . . but *he* didn't last, either.

Poor little, cute little Clara! She had every charm but one*. But without that one charm it is pretty hard for anyone to get by for very long. The cuter they are the harder they fall.

In romance as in business, halitosis* (unpleasant breath), whether chronic or occasional, can be three strikes against you. The insidious

thing is that you, yourself, may not realize when you're guilty. But why risk offending even occasionally?

Why put yourself in a bad light even once when Listerine Antiseptic is such a simple, delightful *extra careful* precaution against bad breath? You merely rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic, and instantly your breath becomes sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend. Never, never omit *this extra careful precaution* before any appointment where you want to be at your best.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK KEAY



Where do stars get the depth of emotion to put over a love scene?

How stars get that way.....

by George Jessel

YOU may have wondered where your favorite stars get the deep feeling and warmth to put over a song or dance or a love scene so that it remains your fondest memory for years.

Now there's a Technicolor motion picture that tells you—"WHEN MY BABY SMILES AT ME."

They get it from their own lives. It is distilled out of their own experiences. They get it from the heart because they are real people.

No other picture in my opinion has ever presented show people to the public with such realism, human-ness, tenderness and warmth.

Naturally, I am prejudiced. But I know show business. I also know audiences. You, too, have a heart. It will be touched by this picture.

George Jessel

20th
CENTURY-FOX



Where do stars get that something special to put over a song or dance?

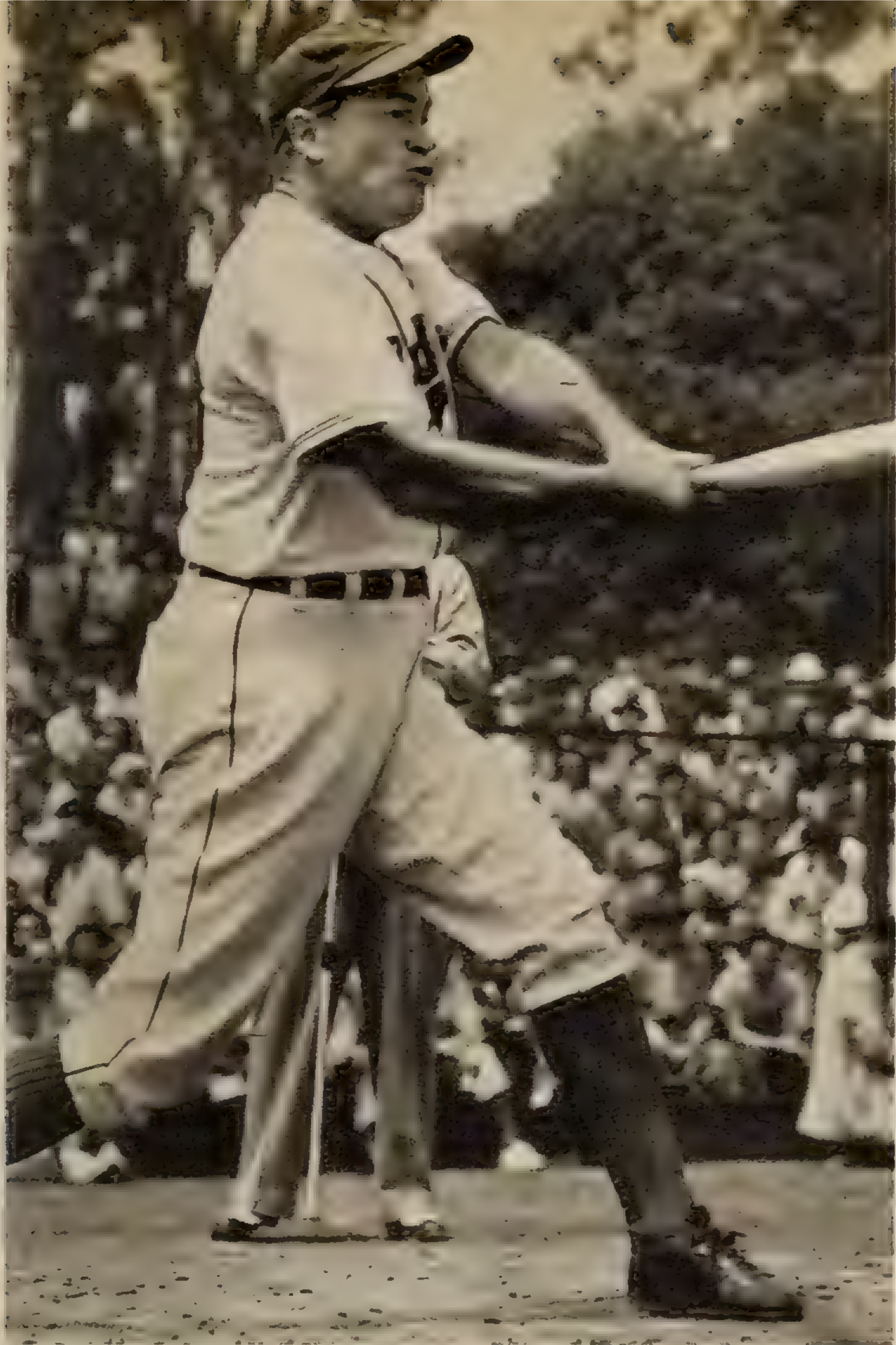
BETTY GRABLE · DAN DAILEY

When My Baby Smiles At Me

Color by **TECHNICOLOR**

with JACK OAKIE · JUNE HAVOC
RICHARD ARLEN · JAMES GLEASON
Directed by **WALTER LANG** Produced by **GEORGE JESSEL**

Screen Play by **LAMAR TROTTI** · Adaptation by Elizabeth Reinhardt
From a Play by George Manker Watters and Arthur Hopkins

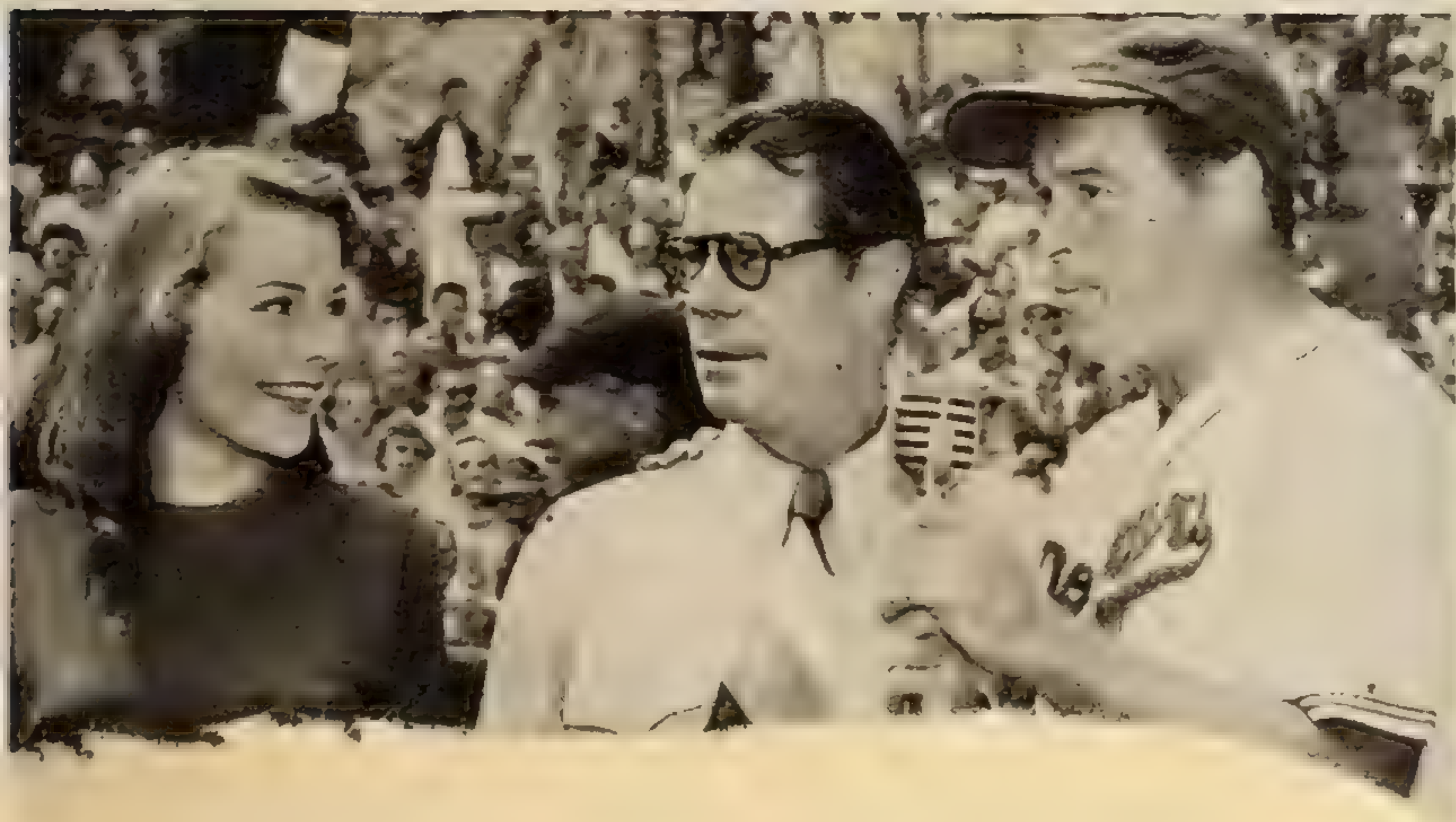


The Paramount Post of the American Legion recently held their own World Series with a softball game between studio writers, and actors recruited by Bob Hope. Above: Bob played so hard he threw out his sacroiliac, but helped his

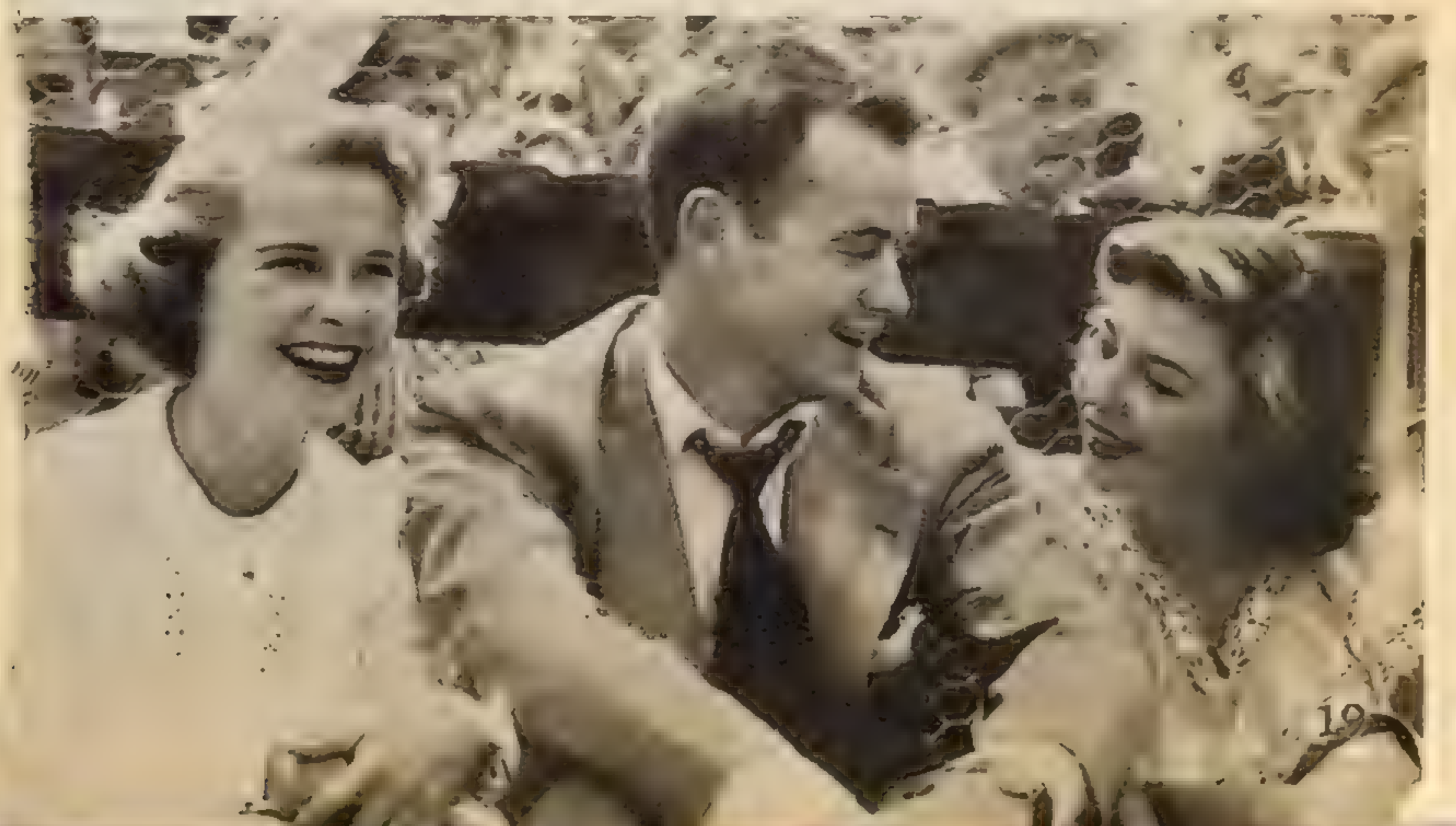


team win, 19 to 9. Proceeds from the game were used to help buy a grandstand for veterans at their field at Sawtelle, California. Gene Kelly (above), dancing in for a run in the eighth inning, also starred for the actors in the benefit game.

NEWSREEL



Above: Burt Lancaster and Bob get correct time from petite starlet, Mary Jane Saunders. Below: Mona Freeman, hubby Pat Nearney and Mary Hatcher were eager rooters for the hard-hitting actors.





Pres. Charles Clarke and Pev Marley of American Society of Cinematographers congratulate Ty Power and Linda Darnell for outstanding cooperation with cameramen. Upper Right: Joseph ("Portrait Of Jennie") Cotten exchanging tidbits with Margaret Sullivan during rehearsal for a Screen Guild Players' broadcast.



By Lynn Bowers

SO HOLLYWOOD has at last captured the elusive Mr. James Mason! He has "consented" to grace the American cinema with his talents in the Enterprise production, "The Best Things In Life Are Free," which also has Barbara Bel Geddes and Bob Ryan. This is the picture version of Libby Block's best-seller, "Wild Calendar," which has been in the mill for, lo, these many months, or moons—if you're an Indian.

—O—
Quite strange and coincidental that Ginger Rogers turned down the above picture and Barbara replaced her, while almost the same day Judy Garland's



President Miguel Aleman of Mexico welcomes Robert Mitchum to Tuberculosis Fund benefit premiere of "The Paradine Case"

nervous breakdown brought about her replacement in "The Barkleys Of Broadway" by Ginger. This story of a Broadway couple will re-unite Rogers and Astaire, who are filmdom's greatest dancing team of all time. Don't think the announcement of the pairing of these two nimble-footed stars didn't cause plenty of excitement around this town, which has loudly bemoaned the fact that they haven't done a picture together for nine years.

—O—
Cary Grant, that fabulously attractive man, has received two hundred and nineteen proposals of marriage from fans since he started filming "Every Girl Should Be Married." All the femmes who have written in seem to think the title of that pic-

ture is awfully good advice and they'd all like to take that advice, provided Cary is willing to cooperate. A guy I know who is very close to the picture reports that Betsy Drake, Cary's heart interest both in and out of films, is only terrific. There are also people around these parts who swear that Cary and Betsy are secretly married.

—O—
Just before Roy Rogers and Dale Evans took off for their big rodeo tour around the country we lured them out to our house to a party for Evelyn Kolesman, godmother of Roy's son Dusty. She is also Republic's New York publicity gal. Roy and Dale had taken Evelyn on a bear hunt up in the High Sierras and she was just "barely" recovering from a-settin' in the saddle. We had

some fine entertainment during the evening and the stars were, of course, Roy and Dale, who sat down at the piano and played and sang for a couple of hours. Dale looks simply wonderful—and about seventeen years old. Hard to realize that her son, Tommy Fox, is now a married man. Next day we got a beautiful bouquet of a zillion dozen red roses from those two swell guys, along with a note saying they'd had fun. *They had fun! How about us?*

—O—
Howard Duff is a happy man. He's moved into a rented house from a bachelor apartment and can now cook his own breakfast. Seems nothing is so important to him as the morning repast, which he claims (Please turn to page 65)

Below Left: Ronald Reagan dancing with Betty Bligh at Ciro's.
Center: Tony Martin and wife Cyd Charisse at Slapsy Maxie's.

Lower Right: Madeleine Carroll and George Sanders dining at Mocambo. They're co-starring together at 20th in "The Fan."





Gary Cooper

The romantic architect hero of Ayn Rand's popular novel, "The Fountainhead," is Gary Cooper's next picture assignment for Warner Brothers.

Ginger and Fred Are Together Again!



Above: All smiles, Ginger, Fred, MGM Producer Arthur Freed arrive on the set for the first day of shooting on "The Barkleys Of Broadway." No other dance team has ever rivaled the popularity that is Ginger's and Fred's.



ONCE again the magic of the names, Rogers and Astaire, awakens memories of the most provocative, most popular team ever to dance into movie fans' hearts. Though almost ten years have passed since Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire have been in a musical together, fans not only recall "Flying Down To Rio," "The Gay Divorcee," "Top Hat" as if they were made only yesterday, but have never ceased clamoring to see Rogers and Astaire together again. Now MGM's "The Barkleys Of Broadway" reunites Ginger and Fred in the kind of gay, romantic story their fans have always loved the best.



You'll hear all kinds of "inside" reports about the evasive Bing Crosby, but here's one that's actual and authentic

By
Florence
Pritchett

Bing Crosby appearing as Florence Pritchett's guest on her popular radio program. He's currently in "The Emperor Waltz."



The Kind Of Guy Crosby Is



Bing with his wife, Dixie, during recent vacation in Manhattan. He's evasive because everyone has a favor to ask or an angle.

ON a recent morning, simultaneously with the dawn, my phone rang furiously. Expecting it to be someone conducting a poll on what radio program was keeping me awake, I was surprised to hear the voice of the editor of this magazine. He sounded, to my sleepy ears, much more than excited.

"Flo," he screamed, "Bing Crosby is in town!"

"How perfectly divine," I replied. "What am I supposed to do about it? Fall out of bed?"

"Immediately," he answered, "and get us a story."

Then he hung up the phone.

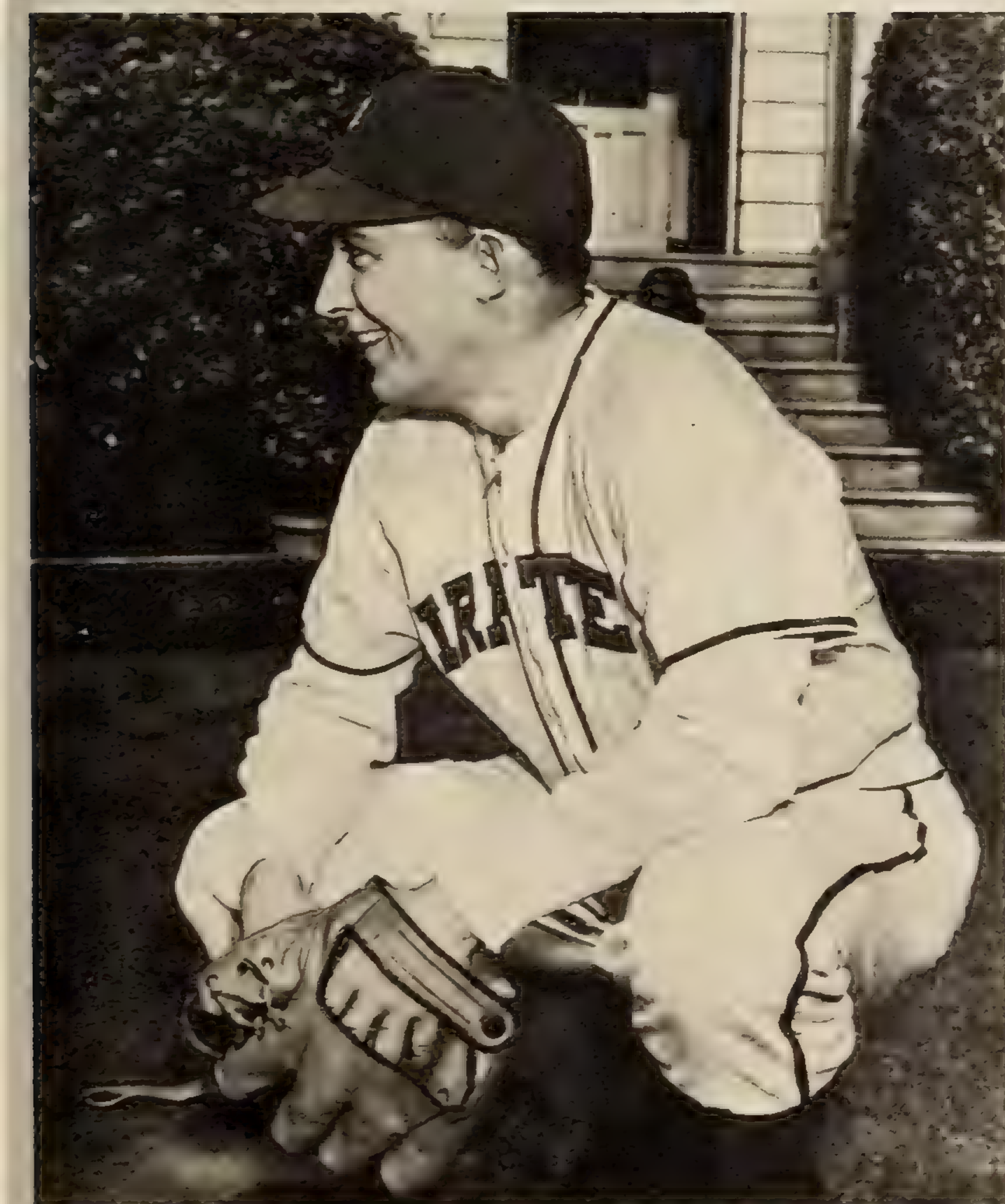
I lay there in bed pondering over how I was going to catch up with the elusive (*believe me, he is elusive*) Bing Crosby. About eight A. M. the mail arrived and my problem was solved by the publicity-minded studio which Bing honors with his presence. Fate and Paramount, plus the fact that Mr. Crosby gets a year older every year, practically dropped Bing right in my lap. I had been invited to Bing Crosby's birthday party—and what a birthday party it was!

Most appropriately, it was held high above the lighted city, way up in the clouds that slide by the glass roof of the RCA building. I tore into the elevator, late as usual, and bumped into Kay Thompson and the four Williams Brothers. Kay was swinging a long mink coat as she ran around the corner. Underneath the coat, her long, colt-like legs were encased in tight black slacks. The four brothers, who glared at me in unison, were, as usual, very "pipe-y." What's more, I am told they never take the pipes out of their mouths.

Oh!—but I was going to get a story on Bing, so I went upstairs, all eighty-six floors up. A group of girls with pencils and long lists of names were sitting at a table outside the room, checking in the "who's here" who had been asked. I don't know who had been asked but everybody and his family was there. The Rainbow Room bulged at the seams with celebrities and non-celebrities. Marlene Dietrich sat at a table with fourteen men, and Veronica Lake looked lost without her hair to peer through. (*She still has her hair.* (Please turn to page 53)



Left: Doing a benefit broadcast with Bob Hope. Below: With Frank Sinatra. There is no professional jealousy between them. They're still good friends. "I haven't a nerve in my body," says Bing.



Above: Bing in the uniform of the Pittsburgh Pirates, the baseball team of which he's part owner. Right: Paulette Goddard gets some golf tips from Bing, who's next in "Connecticut Yankee."

Hollywood's most versatile actress intends doing her best to make them all come true

I WISH first that I might never again hear Hollywood panned by anyone. But especially by the people who live here and work here.

If you hate the place, I am tempted to say and AM saying to the panners, don't come here. If you do come here, because you need the money, get it and then want to go back to where you come from, say so. But let's have no more of this, "Isn't it wonderful to be out of Hollywood and back in New York, with *real* people, really sophisticated people?"—the smug assumption being that Hollywood is peopled by phonies, with the manners and mentalities of yokels . . . at which I burn . . .

A few months ago, Bill Powell and his Mousie; Jack Gage, who directed "The



Top: With her young son Lance. "Hollywood is a wonderful place to bring up children," contends Roz. Left: With her husband Fred Brisson, now a producer. Below: Roz in three of her best roles, Sister Kenny, Electra, and Valerie Stanton in "The Velvet Touch."

Rosalind Makes Nine Wishes



Velvet Touch," my husband Freddy and I rented a boat and took a trip down Mexico way. Bill did all of the marketing and provisioned the boat (*never had such food in my life!*). But what this leads to is that you could go all over the world, ALL over, and never meet a finer human being than Bill Powell. Real sweetness, there, great generous spirit, a brain that is any man's match and a sense of humor that hasn't its equal on earth.

Among our other good friends are Irene Dunne and her husband, Dr. Grif-fith; Ronald and Benita Colman; Clau-dette Colbert and husband, Dr. Joel Pressman; Loretta Young and husband, Tom Lewis; Bob and Betty Montgom-ery; Lee Bowman and his wife—more truly sophisticated and, at the same time, more real people you could not meet from pole to pole, from sea to sea.

By Rosalind Russell

For these, and a few thousand other reasons, all equally valid, no more pan-ning of Hollywood is my No. 1 Wish. Especially no more panning, if I may re-peat myself, by those who can give thanks to Hollywood for what they have on their backs, on their heads, in their homes, in their bank accounts, in their ice-boxes, garages, on their fingers and toes. To me, such lack of courtesy, amounting to monstrous ingratitude, is comparable to accepting bountiful hos-pitality, then knifing your hostess in her pretty back.

Me, when I am in New York, or any-where away from home, I'm thinking: What's paying this hotel bill? Would I, except for Hollywood, be wearing this \$85.00 hat? This mink coat? Pre-war

vintage, it's true, but *mink*. Not likely, Roz, old thing, I tell myself, not likely.

Speaking of the largesse of Hollywood prompts me to make another wish, the wish that I may NEVER have too much. I'm a nut on that, boys and girls. I have never seen happiness, hand in hand with too much money. There may be, there probably are, exceptions. But I might not be one of them! With this in mind, I always keep in reserve several things I would like to have, or like to do, but don't have and don't do.

I have not, as mentioned, had a fur coat since before the War. And I do not intend to have one while prices for the pelts of four-footed animals are what they are. I want very much to add a room to our house in Beverly Hills for our son, Lance, who still shares a room with his nurse—an arrangement he, aged five, feels he has (*Please turn to page 58*)

Rosalind Russell and Sydney Greenstreet of "The Velvet Touch," an Independent Artists picture, with Producer Fred Brisson.



Dudley Nichols, Fred Brisson and Roz, partners in Independent Artists. "I wish I may always live in Hollywood," says Rosalind.



Rosalind Russell going over her lines for "The Velvet Touch" with Dialog Director Kurt Steinbart. She will do four comedies.



Doing a deadpan comedy broadcast with Jack Carson. "My heart is a comedienne's heart," admits Rosalind. "I love to laugh."





Hedy Lamarr

As a pretty psychiatrist in Eagle Lion's romantic comedy, "Let's Live A Little," Hedy Lamarr has a refreshing change of pace from her usual femme fatale roles.



The Gene Raymonds are hosts at Hawaiian party on completion of "Million Dollar Weekend"

Left: Jeanette MacDonald helps hubby Gene Raymond greet Stephanie Paull and husband Dr. Harvey Cummins with leis of carnations imported from Hawaii for the occasion. Party theme conformed with locale of "Million Dollar Weekend," an action thriller aboard United Airliner to and from Honolulu. It's Gene's first assignment as star-director.

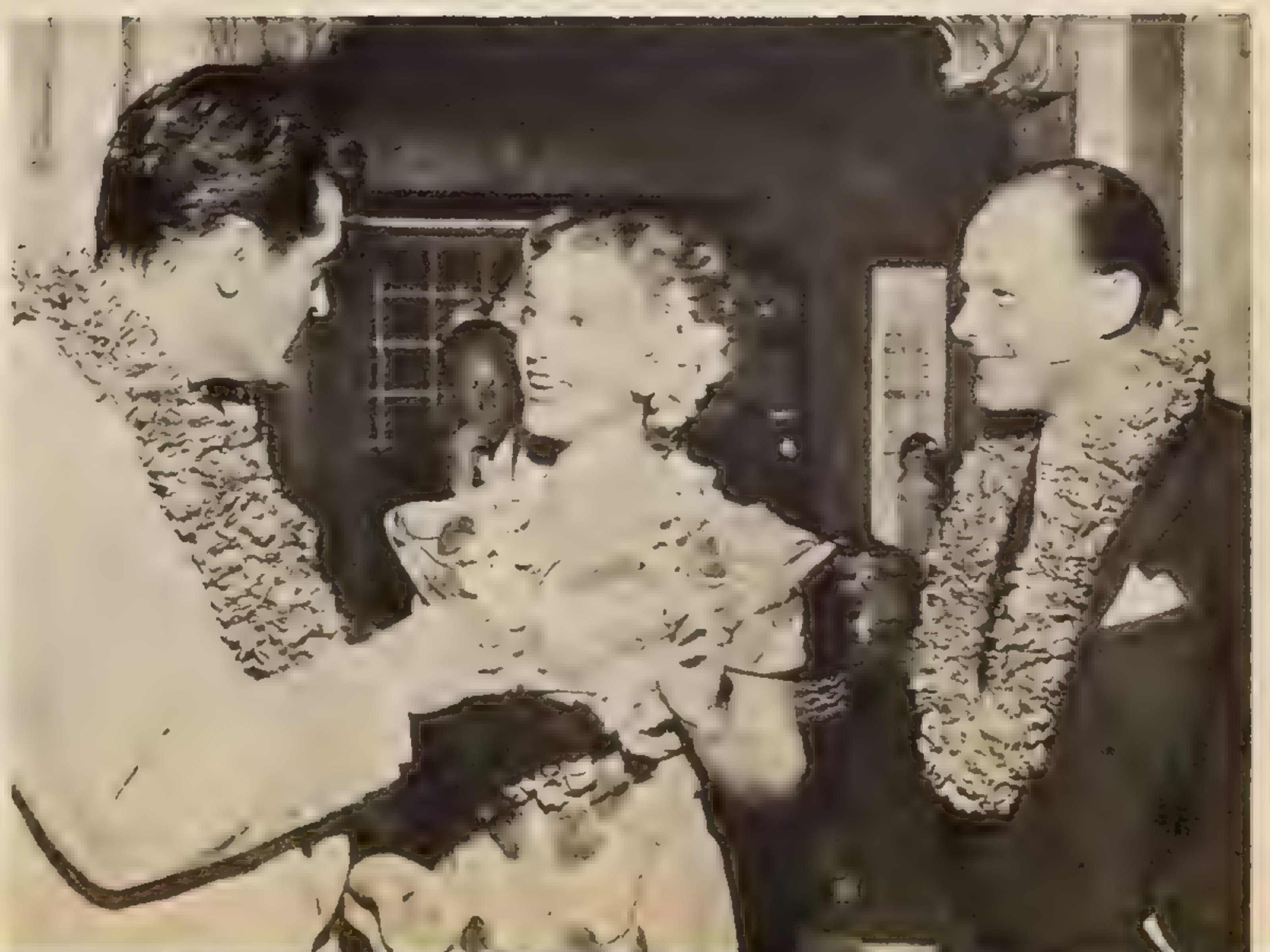
Festive Hawaiian Evening



Above: Stephanie Paull with co-star Gene Raymond. Below: Gene and Jeanette start the mad "Whisper" game for guests Helen Ferguson, Francis Lederer, Mrs. Paul Ivano, Matty Kemp, Dr. Harvey Cummins, Stephanie Paull and Paul Ivano.



Above: Osa Massen's new name, Stephanie Paull, suggested by Gene, is toasted at the "MacRaymond" Manse party in Bel Air. Below: Hostess Jeanette, with Francis Lederer and Matty Kemp, wore lei made of Princess Aloha orchids.





Attending Paper Costume Ball are Patricia and Richard Greene, and Angela Lansbury with her best beau, Peter Shaw.



Peggy Cummins and Ronald Miller at party the socially prominent James Pendletons hosted at Mitchell Leisen's studio.

PAPER BALL



Columbia star, Adele Jergens, in costume contrived of lace paper doilies, dances with George Hyams in "blueprint" suit.



Claire Trevor, in a ballet dress made of newspaper and magazine titles, with Producer Milton Bren at Pendleton party.



Virginia Bruce wore paper flowers on her lace dress. Janet Gaynor's gown, designed by husband Adriani, had gay paper roses.



Delmer Daves, director of Warners' "Kiss In The Dark," and Constance Moore enjoy lively table talk with party guests.



Joan Crawford's gown was spangled with confetti. A ruffled paper stole tops Cobina Wright's satin gown.



Agnes Moorehead, in costume featuring paper picture hat, with husband Jack Lee, in doily-trimmed suit.



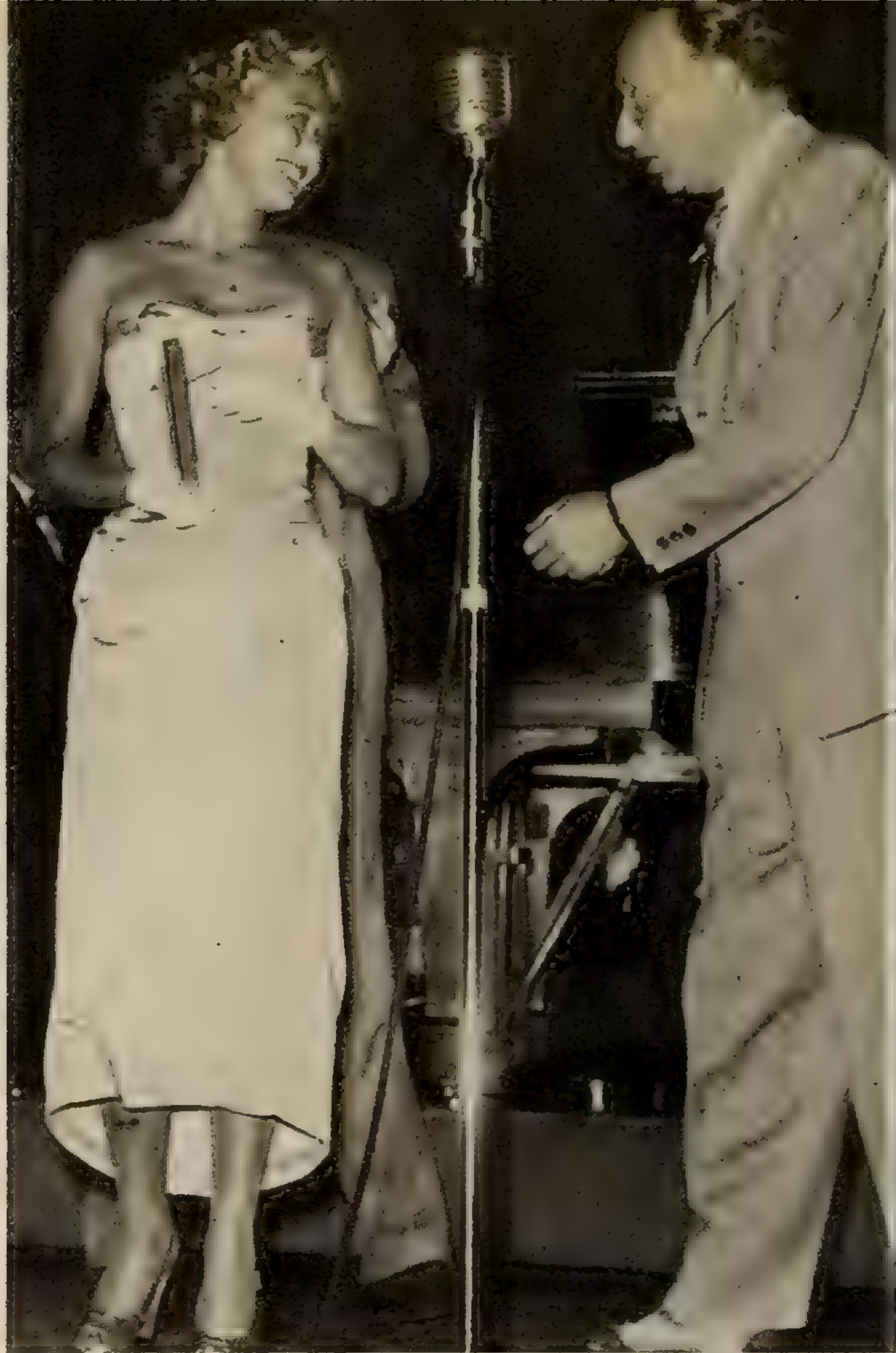
Cobina Wright greets Mr. and Mrs. Pendleton, hosts to the select group at this unusual party.

**What's new on the Hollywood social front?
Cobina Wright, filmland's favorite hostess, gives
an exclusive report on the gayest parties**

Mrs. Reginald Gardiner, Earl of Warwick (who appeared in a series of Paramount pictures under the name of Michael Brooke before the War), Cobina Wright and Reggie Gardiner, seen at recent formal party.



Below Left: Vera-Ellen, who has an important dancing role in MGM's musical extravaganza, "Words And Music," and Rory Calhoun, one of the most popular escorts in Hollywood's younger set, join a gay party of friends at Ciro's. Below Right: Prince and Princess Mohamed Ali Ibrahim, seen leaving the Beverly Hills Hotel, were guests of honor at one of Cobina Wright's gala garden parties. With them is Yvonne De Carlo, currently co-starring with Burt Lancaster in Universal-International's "Criss Cross." On Opposite Page, Left: Ann Blyth presents the cup to winning team at Hollywood Indoor Polo Club's first indoor match, played at the Horse Palace for the benefit of the Tom Breneman Memorial Fund. Right: Noreen Nash, now appearing in Eagle Lion's "Assigned To Danger," and Gloria De Haven exchange gossip at Mocambo party.



Jane Powell, retaining a becoming Summer tan, with Joe Pasternak at Mt. Sinai Hospital benefit at Ciro's.

COBINA

IN HOLLYWOOD all that glitters is not gold—sometimes it's paper!

At least that's what was more apparent than transparent the other evening at the lavish "Paper Ball" which the Jimmy Pendletons gave in Director Mitchell Leisen's private studio. Jimmy and Dod, who are two of the film colony's favorite hosts, always can be trusted to give a novel party and this early Fall affair was no exception. Everyone was invited to appear in a paper costume of some sort and over one hundred guests proved what a lot of ingenuity and a few scraps of paper can provide.





Randolph Scott and his wife enjoy a dance together at a Mocambo party. Randy's next in "Walking Hills."



The Robert Youngs at dinner party at Slapsy Maxie's. Bob is Shirley Temple's co-star in "Baltimore Escapade."

WRIGHT'S Gossip of Hollywood Parties

I got Tony Duquette to help me appear as a papier-mache senorita and then spent the evening praying that no one would be careless with matches. Two fire wardens stood guard at the door just to make sure that the party didn't go up in smoke.

However, one prankster did get too close to lovely Arlene Dahl with a cigarette lighter and Clifton Webb had to reprimand him sharply by asking if he was trying to make a "fuel" out of the girl.

Most of the outfits were most original. Jeanne Crain's husband, Paul Brink-

man, who is an architect, appeared in a most appropriate colonial suit of paper blueprints, Ella Raines was literally dazzling in a gown of cellophane-covered tinsel and Barbara Barondess MacLean, the designer, provided the exotic note of the evening in a pleated wallpaper dress over which she wore a wallpaper stole—fully lined with white mink!

Just in case any reader should groan about Hollywood extravagance, I'd better explain that Barbara had just returned from New York in time for the party and immediately called in a paper hanger and a furrier to get her together.

The paper hanger provided the material for the dress and then the furrier showed up with an unfinished strip of priceless white mink which he said he was willing to loan her for the evening.

Barbara conceived the idea of lining a matching piece of the wallpaper with it, but then she began to worry a little bit.

"Really," she asked the Beverly Hills trapper, "do you think I ought to wear it?"

"Be nonchalant," advised the mink man. "Don't wear it, madam—drag it!"

But there were (Please turn to page 61)





turning off the heat

By Fredda Dudley

WHY don't you come along with me? I'm going to spend the evening with Lizabeth Scott, who is (and I speak the announcement with enormous pride) a friend of mine.

Spending an evening with Lizabeth is at any time a rewarding experience, but just now it's particularly exhilarating. Liz bubbles, Liz chortles, Liz—curled up on a hassock—puts back her head with its incredible curtain of magnificent hair, and laughs from the depths of her contentment. Because Liz has a house.

To be sure, she doesn't own this house. Owning her own home is a dream still far in the future for Liz. She rents it from an indulgent landlord who understands why a girl might want to repaint woodwork, repaper walls, and reupholster furniture more to her own taste than that of the previous tenant.

It isn't the biggest house in Hollywood, nor the smallest. It isn't the quaintest on the one hand, or the most conventional on the other. But it has character, it has happy space enough for one girl, and it takes a visitor in with a possessive air of saying, "Welcome. Come often and stay (Please turn to page 62)



Above: Lizabeth Scott and Dick Powell in a scene from Regal Films' murder drama, "The Pitfall." Top: Liz argues heatedly on football. Right: Classic music is favored on the walnut spinet, her first Christmas gift to her house.





Errol Flynn
Viveca Lindfors

Errol Flynn enacts a torrid love scene with Viveca Lindfors in "Adventures Of Don Juan," Warners' spectacular Technicolor picture.



Work Rhymes With Kirk



BUILDING a patio and barbecue seemed child's play to Kirk Douglas, 20th Century-Fox star, and his wife, Diana, until they felled trees and leveled off the site under the broiling California sun. After that, they sent an S.O.S. to all their most muscular friends for help in laying the slate patio and aligning the barbecue pit symmetrically. But even then, with help from from their four-year-old Michael, who specialized in riding empty wheelbarrows, they were delighted to stop for refreshments and realize that their gruelling work was almost finished.



Kirk Douglas with Laraine Day and Keenan Wynn between scenes of the United Artists romantic comedy, "My Dear Secretary."



Coming in 1949

JOAN OF ARC

Starring INGRID

BERGMAN

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR





don't just dream

Glenn and Eleanor Ford spend a quiet playtime hour with their three-year-old son, Peter, while his mother, former dancing

star of the movies, holds his prized pet, a woolly elephant. Peter is happiest when his father sings his bedtime stories.

Glenn Ford's practical philosophy in attaining movie success can be applied to any field of professional activity

NO MATTER what any young person wants to do or to become, Glenn Ford is the actor and person who gives you the answer.

It may be to learn the violin, or become a Senator, or learn scientific farming, or write, or raise chickens or learn to paint—whatever you want to do, Ford's life (*what he has done—he's too busy to sit and analyze himself*) affords clues.

You've seen Glenn recently in "The Mating Of Millie," where he played a gayly humorous rôle with Evelyn Keyes. You'll soon see marquees starring him in three Technicolor "biggies" completed during a period when most of economy-minded Hollywood was putting out re-issues to save money. Columbia Pictures, instead, threw in the expensive color works. They had Ford!

The three Glenn Ford starring pictures completed and coming soon to the screen would have put him at the top—if he wasn't already one of the actors most in demand. He is a favorite with fans seldom exceeded in film history. How does he stand with people who know, in movies? Bette Davis, after working with him in "A Stolen Life," postponed "Winter Meeting" eight weeks, hoping her studio could again secure him. Columbia's president, Harry (Please turn to page 67)



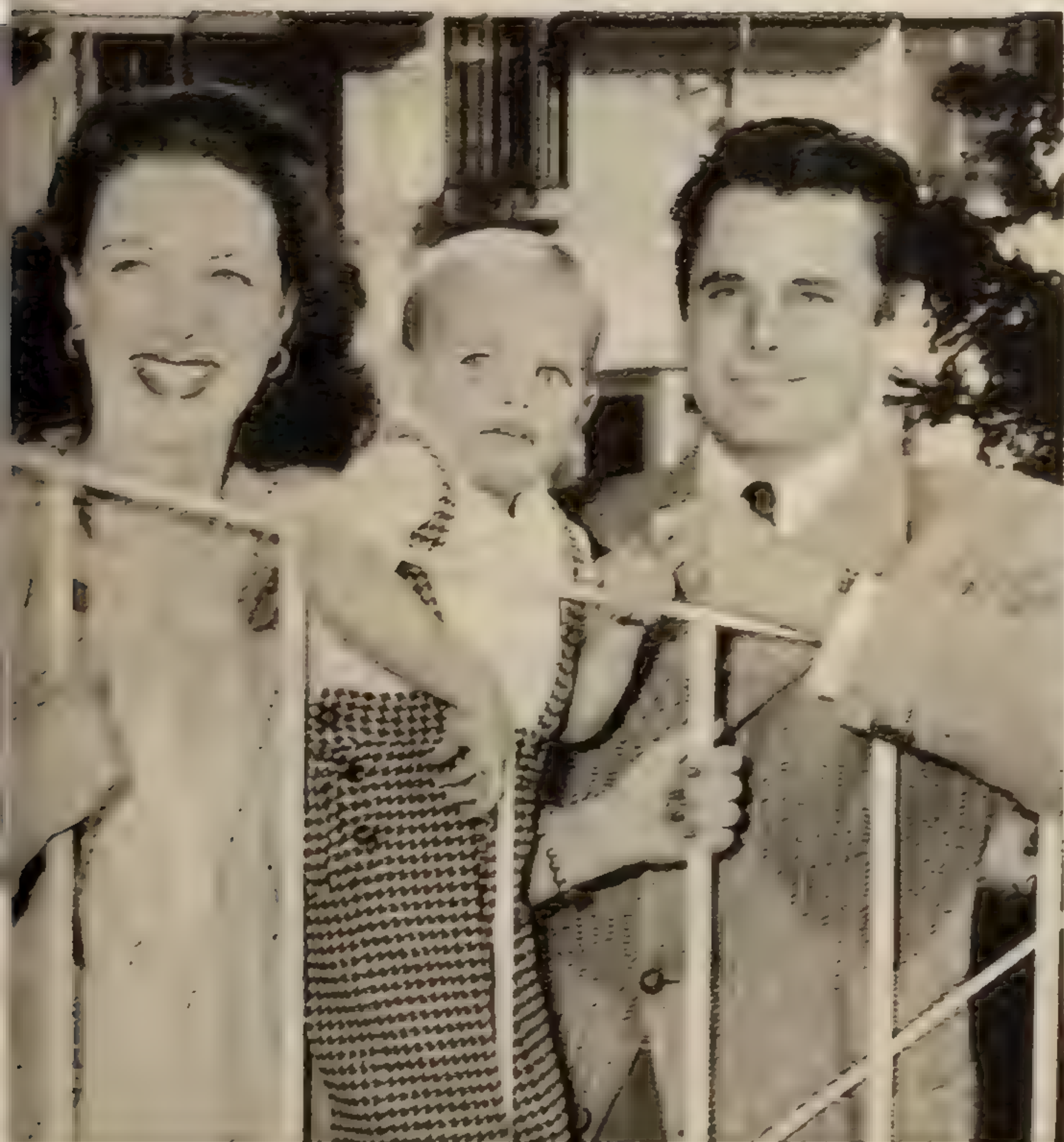
Glenn's popularity has won him star roles in "The Man From Colorado" and "The Loves Of Carmen" at Columbia.



do it! By
Lupton A.
Wilkinson

Columbia's Technicolor "The Loves Of Carmen" borrows just the characters' names, the beginning and ending of Bizet's

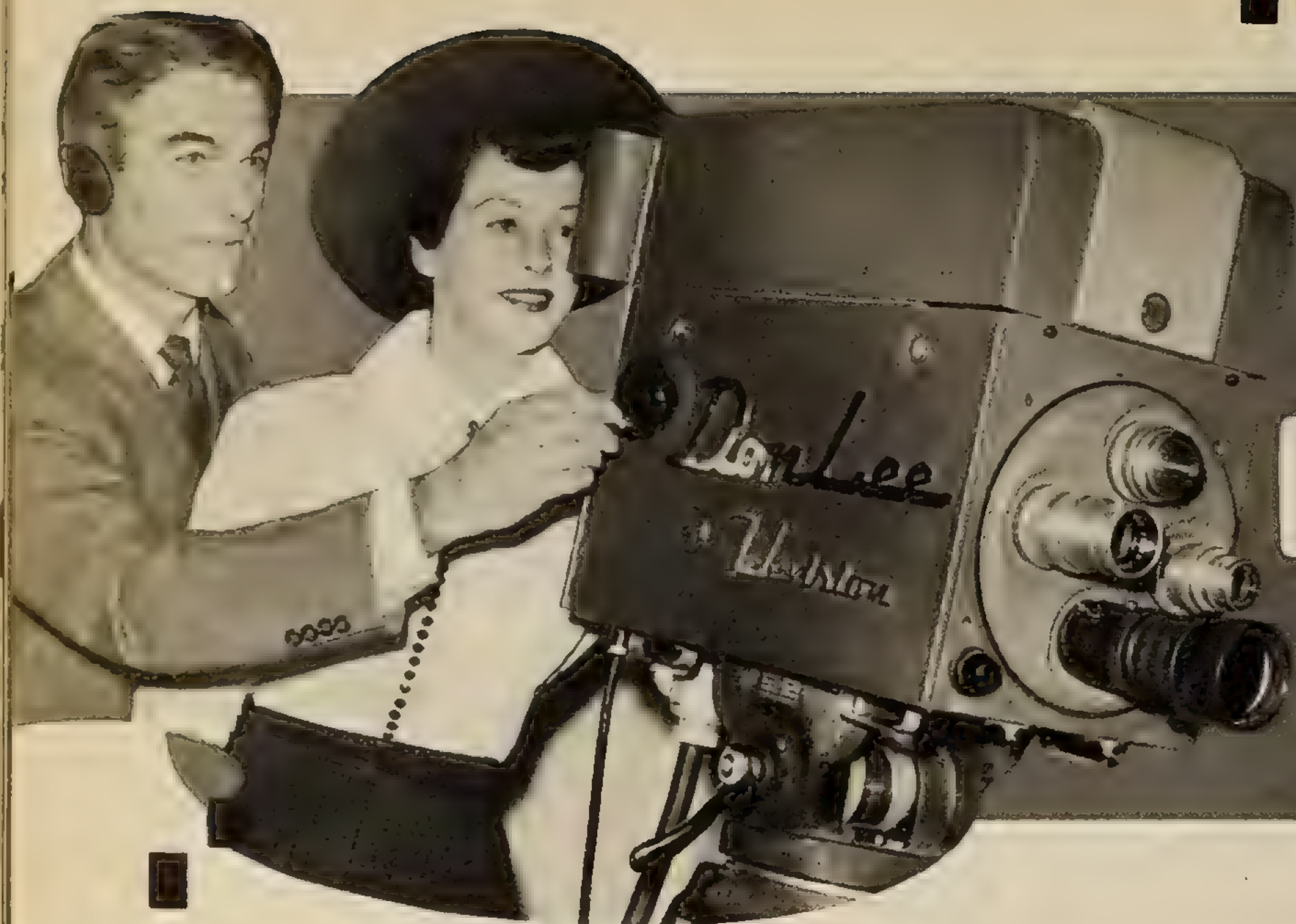
opera, the story, music and dances being original. Glenn Ford and Rita Hayworth wear many colorful Moorish gypsy costumes.



Glenn's real-life leading lady, Eleanor Powell, has turned down many movie offers since her retirement.



In addition to spectacular knife fights in "The Loves Of Carmen," there are romantic scenes for Rita and Glenn.



Television In Hollywood

Stars probe enigmatic ways of men
on tele show, "Leave It To The Girls"



Above: At luncheon given in connection with Mutual Broadcasting System's combined television and radio program, "Leave It To The Girls," are Vanessa Brown, Charles Korvin, Ann Rutherford, Ruth Warrick, Mike Frankovich, Constance Bennett, Louis Allen Weiss (head of MBC television chain), Constance Moore, Binnie Barnes and Gene Raymond. Below: Answers to questions about affairs of the heart and problems of the home are given by Constance Bennett, Binnie Barnes, who hold permanent positions on "Leave It To The Girls" panel of feminine experts, with Robin Chandler (Mrs. Jeffrey Lynn) and Ann Rutherford. Top: Charles Korvin and Ruth Warrick inspecting the television camera before showtime.



Mike Frankovich, wife, Binnie Barnes, are given special makeup suitable for television.



Above: Mike, Jean Wright, Ann Rutherford, John Maschio. Below: Ruth Warrick, Vanessa Brown.





See how
Deltah's
Talisman
necklace
flatters your
neckline . . .

Hollywood's leading stars, wise in the ways of good grooming and perfect finishing touches, invariably depend on the lustrous, flattering beauty imparted by their Deltah TALISMAN simulated pearl necklaces. Finished with 10 kt. gold safety clasp, and encased in an authentically-styled, jade-color Chinese treasure cabinet, it is truly the gift magnificent. Only \$24.50. Other Deltah necklaces from \$3.00. Earrings to match.



AT
BETTER
JEWELERS
EVERYWHERE



Just Call Her *THE GREATEST!*

That's no exaggeration when
you really know Esther Williams

By Janet Blair

Below: Esther Williams and her husband, Ben Gage, at swanky Hollywood premiere. Below Left: Esther with Ricardo Montalban in "On An Island With You," her latest film for MGM. Janet Blair has never known a girl as trustworthy, with as much tact, poise and personality as Esther. Declares Janet, "Her religious faith is as much a daily source of strength and comfort as the sunlight, and her generosity is like that of the earth itself."



I WANT everyone to know that I ASKED SCREENLAND to write this story about Esther Williams. I had my reasons.

For one thing, I don't believe that even Esther Williams' most ardent fans realize quite how wonderful she is. Good as she is on the screen, the camera has not yet captured all the facets of *The Greatest's* abilities.

I should explain, I suppose, my habit of calling Esther *The Greatest*. I met Esther at the instigation of my husband, Louis Busch, who had been a long-time buddy of Esther's husband, Ben Gage. The two boys thought Esther and I would enjoy each other, and as a result, they thought we would form a happy foursome social corporation. They were SO right. A month after our first double date, Lou and I were call- (Please turn to page 71)

Shake Hands With THE POO!

You know her as Janet Blair,
but let's stop being formal

By Esther Williams

Below: Janet Blair and her husband, Lou Busch. He and Ben Gage were buddies and that's how Janet and Esther Williams first met. Below Right: Janet and Red Skelton in "The Fuller Brush Man," a Columbia picture. Says Esther, "In addition to owning a fantastically beautiful face, The Poo has one of the most beautiful figures in the world. She is one of the few girls I know who looks stunning in slacks."



JANET BLAIR, known in our household as *The Poo*, is one of my best friends, a statement of which I am inordinately proud.

In Hollywood it is almost impossible for two actresses to be friends . . . and NOT for reasons having anything to do with professional jealousy. Outsiders are all too ready to conclude that close friendships between actresses are rare because of temperamental troubles.

The real reason camaraderie is difficult to maintain is both more complex and more simple. Let's say that *Bedelia* and *Ambrosia* are placed under contract by the same studio; they might have come from the same little town in Ohio, taken their training at the same dramatic school, and been through all of their early struggles together. Then, each girl begins to be (Please turn to page 69)



Skippy Homeier, Lon McCallister and Scott Brady greet guests Margaret Kerry, Cathy Downs and Lois Butler at Lon's place.



In kitchen, actors in Eagle Lion pictures—Lon, of "The Big Cat," Skip, of "Mickey," Scott, of "29 Clues"—each have job.

The Bachelors Entertain



Peeling onions for sauce is Lon's job. There are many ways to prevent onion tears, but Cathy merely supplies towel.



Lois Butler watches Lon prepare salad, while Cathy Downs anxiously watches Scott cut bread in dangerous manner.



Margaret Kerry, of "Canon City," Cathy Downs, of "The Noose Hangs High," and Lois Butler, of "Mickey," set table.



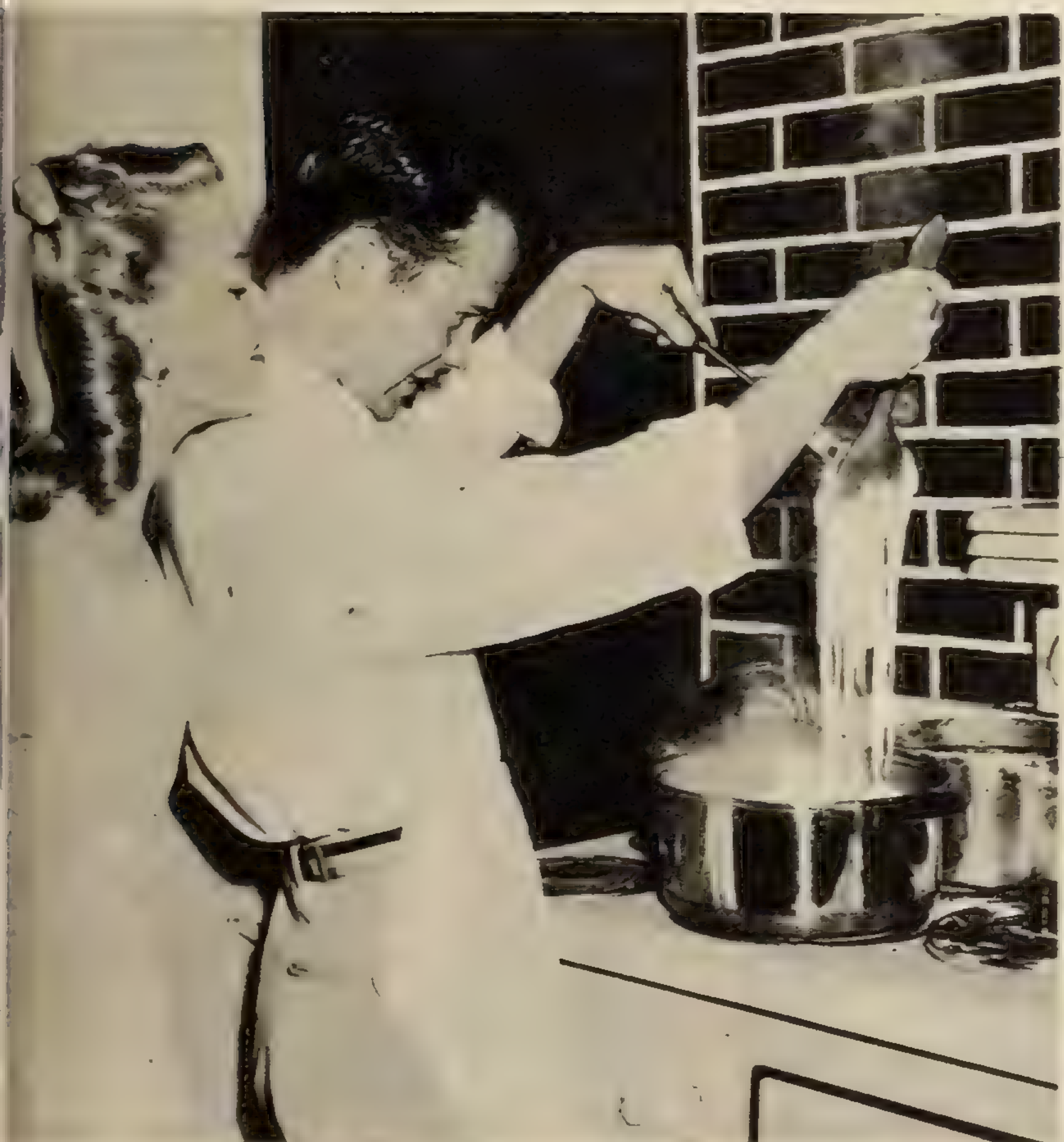
Lon dishes up the spaghetti in the kitchen. In line with plates to be filled are Margaret, Skippy, Cathy and Lois.



Lon helps Scott and Lois to the salad course. Below: Lois cooperates with Lon in the final testing of the spaghetti.



After the hearty, satisfying meal, Cathy Downs, pouring for Lon, assists with the coffee service in the living room.



Three of Hollywood's young bachelors pool their culinary efforts on a spaghetti party with all the trimmings



Coupled for dancing are Cathy and Scott, a brother of Lawrence Tierney, Margaret and Skippy. Lon and Lois sit one out.



The girls, Lois, Cathy and Margaret, take their leave of their hosts, Lon, Skippy and Scott at door of Lon's apartment.



The boys, Skippy, Lon and Scott draw lots for the dirty job of cleaning up, and Scott gets the little end of matchstick.

For the girl who wants to look taller, Edith Head shows styles designed for Paramount star Wanda Hendrix

Edith Head's

(Let Edith Head tell you what's new in the fashion world of Hollywood. For ten years she has supervised the wardrobes of all Paramount's stars. This month she has items of special interest to the short girl . . . and new fashion ideas for everyone.)

Wanda's Winter white chiffon, worn in "The Tatlock Millions," has pleats to add height.



The Fashion News Of The Month is the sleeveless coat. Long coats, suit coats and separate jackets without sleeves will add inches to the short girl and streamline anyone. Wanda Hendrix, star of "The Tatlock Millions," is wearing them because she's only five feet tall and



Pink-cloud chiffon negligee for Wanda has lengthening shoulder-to-hem line.

they eliminate the box-like effect of big sleeves. Suits without sleeves are also news. They're good to wear beneath fur coats for their dropped shoulders give smooth lines instead of bulk. You can wear long sleeved woolen blouses with them and have plenty of warmth without a weighty look.

* * *

Do You Want A Fur Coat That's Different?

Then try the sleeveless style to wear over heavy Winter suits. Several years ago, Veronica Lake went to New York in the Winter to make personal appearances. She wanted warm suits and she wanted a fur coat to wear over them. The bulk of all that was too much for her height, so I designed a tweed suit with a matching tweed and mink revers-

Ensemble designed for Wanda's petite figure is grey, most popular Winter color.



Fashion Flashes

ible coat. She also had a black wool jersey dress and a sleeveless leopard coat lined with black jersey. The idea was so successful with the stars who tried it that the sleeveless coat is now an established new fashion.

* * *

Separate Jackets Without Sleeves

are wonderful adjuncts to any wardrobe. They give more height than a scarf or poncho. They stay on your shoulders better than a stole and they give more warmth. I wear them myself because they're good for my five-foot height. I'm having one knitted in navy blue wool and I'll line it with red flannel to wear with a navy flannel skirt and red shirt.

* * *

More Good News For The Five-Footer is the current chic of the shirtmaker.

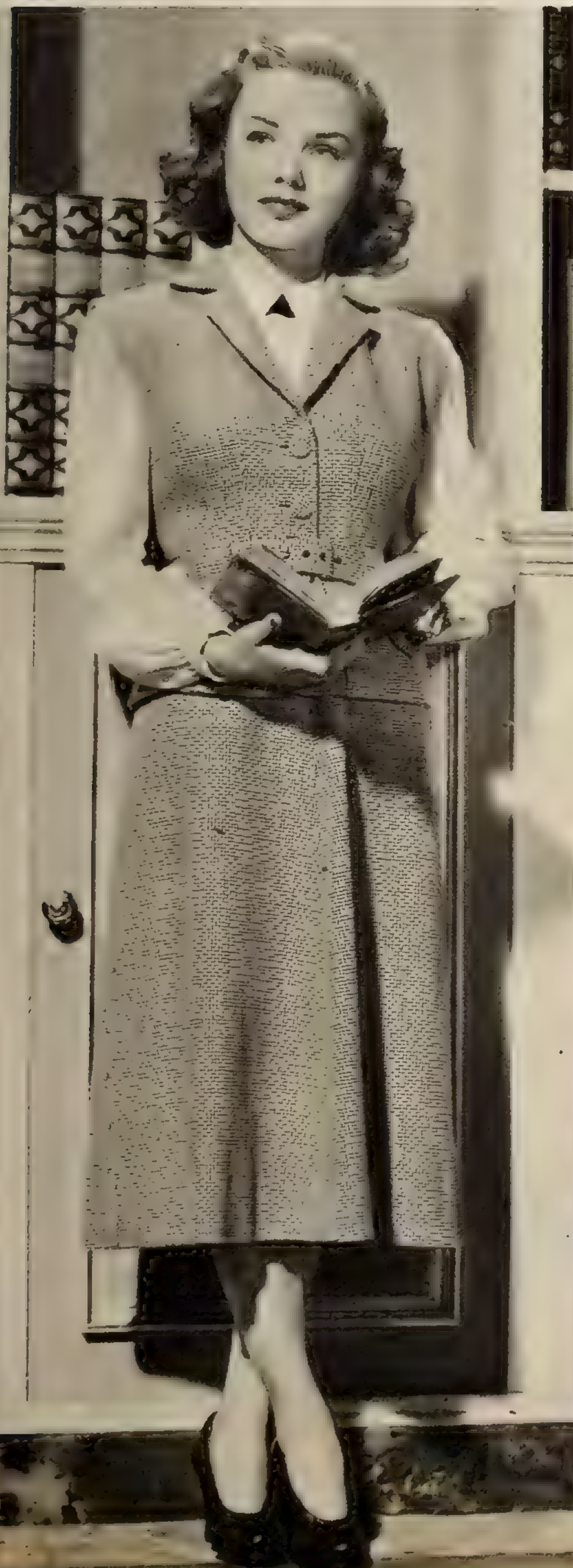
Nearly all the dresses that Wanda Hendrix wears in "The Tatlock Millions" are versions of the shirtmaker. I think that open throated line is tops in flattery for the short girl. The "little girl" round neckline is also good but she should avoid the one-sided, square, or draped line. Small girls shouldn't try every neckline that comes in. They have to use more discrimination.

* * *

Pleats, Pleats And More Pleats

They're good styling now and they give slenderness while (Please turn to page 57)

Salt-and-pepper tweed sleeveless suit with white wool jersey blouse is new fashion flash.



Divided skirts will replace slacks for sports. Length of Wanda's is correct for short girls.



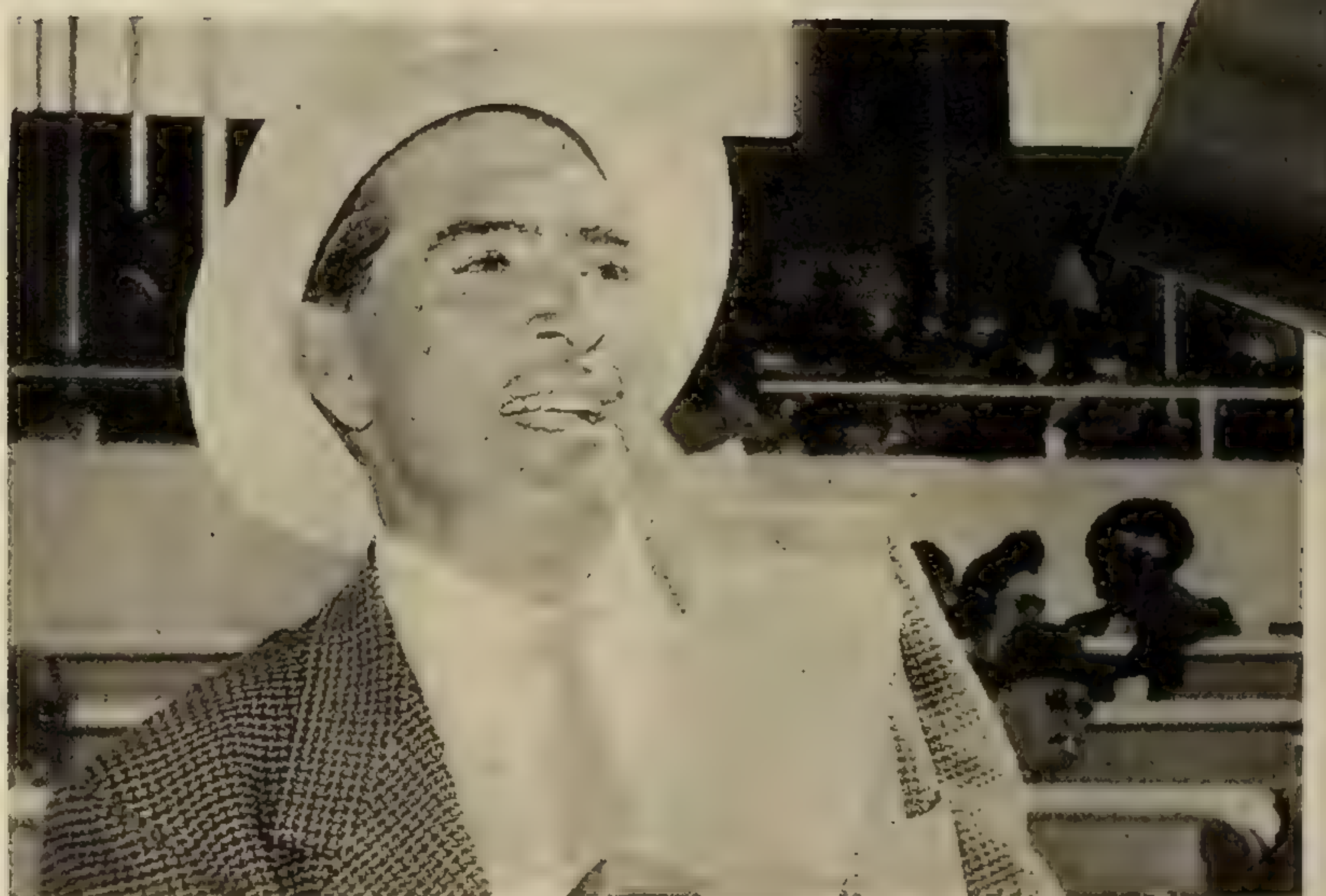
Pink net skirt with taffeta bodice combines frills and tailored button trim.





Betty Grable and her husband, Harry James, as avid race track fans as they are horsemen, take time out for refreshments between races at the Del Mar track, California. Looks as if they picked a winner.

COURTING LADY LUCK AT DEL MAR



ONE of Hollywood's favorite leisure hour playgrounds is the race track at Del Mar. On vacation or between pictures, the stars flock to the course to try their luck, win, place or show, in picking a horse. Top Left: Al Jolson and George Jessel at Del Mar. Al will soon do "The Rest Of The Story" for Columbia. Above: J. Carroll Naish does his best to bring in a winner. Left: The Ritz brothers, Jimmy, Al and Harry, select a favorite. Below: George Raft, racing enthusiast, with Joseph Schenck, an owner of the Del Mar course.





It's Ida Lupino's sex appeal as much as her
 try singing that keeps the night club
 buzzing in "Road House," 20th Century-Fox.
 Her between-scenes camaraderie with Cornel
 (above) contrasts with their on-set perform-
 (below). Cornel, manager of a bowling alle
 the picture, is at first hostile to Ida, until
 charm and appealing seductiveness (bottom)
 his love. Together, they fight for happiness



Greenland
Salutes
de Havilland





Gloria De Haven drops the needle on some particularly purple purring while visiting Fred Robbins' WOV airshow.



Xavier Cugat's pencil, as lively as one of his sambas, makes a 30-second caricature of popular disk jockey.

Fred Robbins **RIGHT OFF THE RECORD**

HYA, Pete! Got your boots on your feet?
Well, the stuff here is 'reet!
So let's have at that meat!

Pass me that white meat and we'll elaborate on 'em and cover you with gravy, Davey!

HEAVENLY!

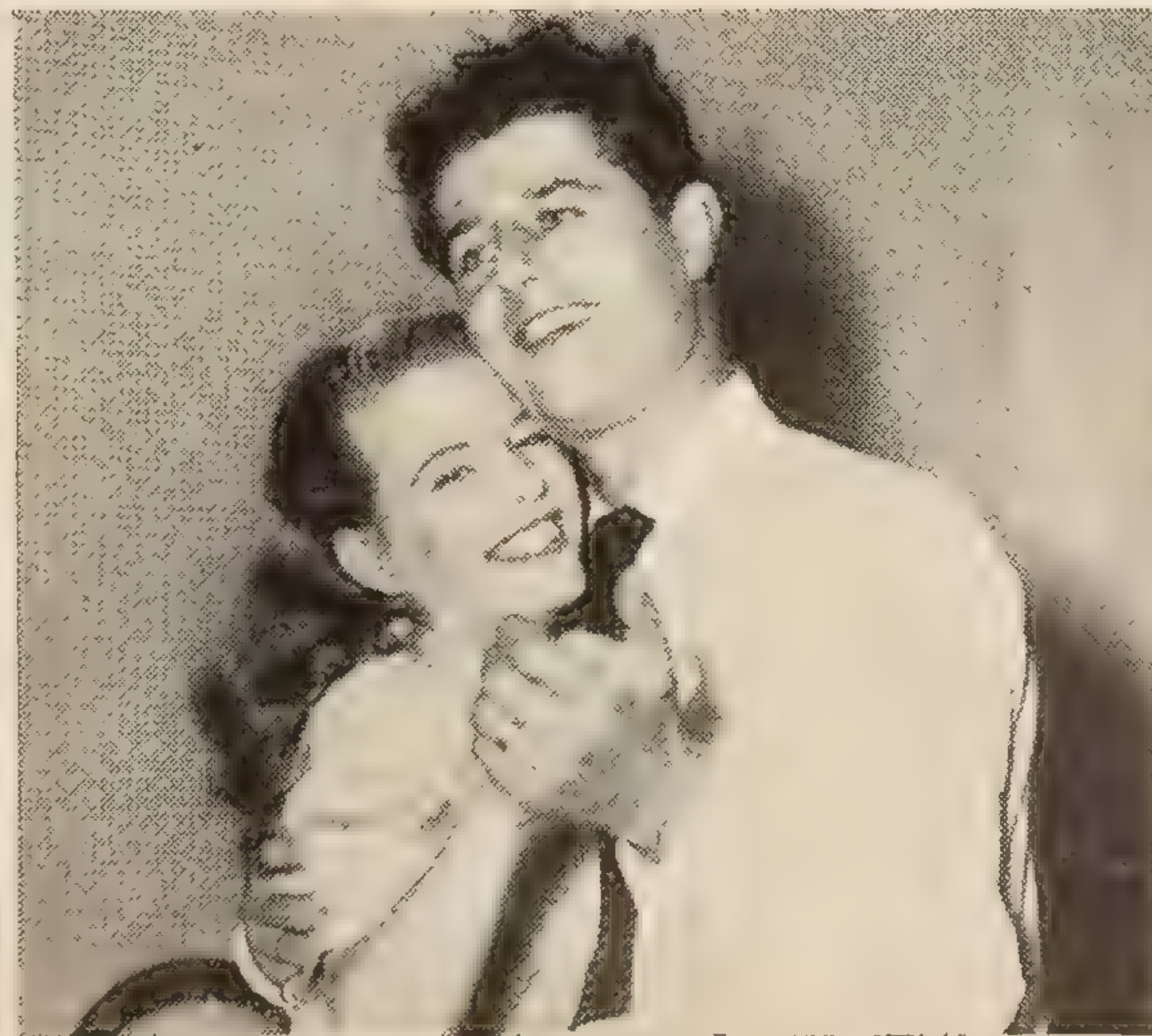
AND I do mean that large domestic fowl of American origin which everyone's lending his chops to these days. But there's not only drumsticks, stuffing, and cranberry sauce for Thanksgiving but fresh cookies as well. Ten-inch ones with butter and lotsa jam!

KING COLE TRIO: "King Cole For Kids." You got my skate key? You sure you didn't put it with my jacks? Or my new King Cole album? But it won't be just kids who'll be looking for this wonderful sheaf by the gleesome threesome

'cause there's enough fun and appeal for the whole family, with the voice that has charmed the whole Eagle's Nest infusing fresh appeal to those childhood classics. Whoever had this idea deserves thanks from kids and parents everywhere—'cause there's nothing nicer than that relaxed, soft, pleasant Nat Cole style for transportation to the fabulous land of make-believe. Nat chirps of pretty little rabbits and lambs, of chicks and ducks, candy mountains, ice cream



Marilyn Maxwell and Fred Robbins talk over turntable topics during her appearance on his show.



Eagle Lion star, Lois Butler, and Fred dance to month's most melodious mayhem on his WOV program.

stations. There's "Mary Had A You-Know-What" and other nursery rhymes, "Old MacDonald Had A Farm," "Kee-Mo Ky-Mo," "The Three Trees," "My Sleepy Head," "There's A Train Out For Dreamland." Better snap it up, Mommy. (*Capitol album DC 89*)

DINAH SHORE: Mrs. Montgomery weaves those silky adenoids around "This Is The Moment," from the flicker of the same handle, a beautiful waxen attraction with all the color, warmth and shading lesser canaries should strive for. Flip spots Melissa's mommy in an ounce of bounce on the well-known tagline, "Love That Boy." (*Columbia*)

KAY STARR: Bang! Right smack in the middle of your eardrum from the lusty larynx of the zestful little chestful comes "Mama Goes Where Papa Goes" and "Many Happy Returns Of The Day." There'll be many more returns of this green-eyed doll face, so quickly is her stature leaping upwards. Combo of Ella Fitzgerald, Sophie Tucker and Beatrice Kay. (*Capitol*)

TOMMY DORSEY: "Baby, Baby, All The Time," "Judaline," Lucy Ann Polk on one of the best things T.D.'s done in a mess of cookies, bluesy and mellow. Flip spots Stu Foster on the one from "Date With Judy." (*Victor*)

JERRY WAYNE: "Your Heart And Mine," "I'd Love To Live In Loveland." One of this kid's favorite tennis partners, Jerry serves another brace of grooves right down the center. First, the theme on his CBS show; and the back, sort of a sequel to "You Can't Be True, Dear," a romantic old waltz, perfect for digesting that big dinner. Took one record to re-establish a great guy back in the limelight. (*Columbia*)

ANDREWS SISTERS, BURL IVES: First blending of Burl and the Andrews chicks on two catchy American folk songs, "Blue Tail Fly" and "I'm Goin' Down The Road." The waffle of Burl on his ownsy is less commercial in character but the added orchestra and Andrews tonsils don't affect the folksy quality too much. (*Decca*)

VIC DAMONE: "A Young Man Sings." Vickie's first album for all of his victims and anyone who wants to become one will on first hearing. Have a go, orchidaceous one, with "Girl Of My Dreams," "If I Had You," "In The Middle Of The Night," "Love Is Just Around The Corner," "Sweet Sue" and "They Didn't Believe Me." And if they aren't enough to placate that hungry audio cavity, "The Night Has A Thousand Eyes," a single cookie, will absolutely cremate you. We think it's Vic's best biscuit to date, in beguine tempo and so-o-o provocative. A beauty, cutie! (*Mercury*)

SARAH VAUGHN: Ah-h-h, come and get the proper feeling of reverence in your ear 'cause the gal who's "gone," Sarah Vaughn, really sings the lace around the gingerbread on her fresh waffle, "I Get A Kick Out Of You" and "I'll Wait And Pray." First is the Cole Porter classic and flip is a new pop. (*Musica*)

BENNY GOODMAN-PEGGY LEE ALBUM: These were etched 'way before "Manana" and "Golden Earrings" when Nicki's Mama was providing the

scenery for the Benny Goodman gang. There's "Let's Do It," "My Little Cousin," "Not Mine," "On the Sunny Side Of The Street," "Somebody Nobody Loves," "The Way You Look Tonight," "Where Or When" and "Winter Weather," with Art Lund sharing the latter. (*Columbia C 170*)

DORIS DAY-BUDDY CLARK: Come dig the sequel to "Love Somebody," "I'm In Love" from "Romance On The High Seas," with "Sparkle Plenty" and the baritone lark trading the 3-word title all the way. *Tres* cute and it leaps to boot. Dodo goes it alone on the flip, "It's You Or No One." (*Columbia*)

ALSO EARWORTHY: Nat Cole's "Little Girl" and "Baby, Baby, All The Time"—if you can tear yourself away from that album you bought for the kids. (*Capitol*) . . . "Sam You Made The Pants Too Long," and "Why Did I Teach My Girl To Drive," deuce of triple peachy novelties by Ziggy Talent, who dispenses plenty of it with Vaughn Monroe's gang (*Victor*) . . . LENA HORNE'S great—but great—disking of "It's Mad, Mad, Mad!" by Irene Higgenbotham, who cleffed "Good Mornin' Heartache," moody and dimly fluorescent. Back is the best vocal ever on "Sometimes I'm Happy" with the glorious Lena lobbing that sultry throbbing earwards and making you flip. With Luther Henderson on the piano—ow! (*MGM*) . . . SOPHIE TUCKER'S pressing of her classic "Some Of These Days" really husking it out with Bob Haggart and Co. laying down two-beat behind her (*Decca*) . . . "Dolores," with chorus after chorus by Bing Crosby on Decca and Frank Sinatra on Victor with Tommy Dorsey, reissues of a beauty that never achieved its deserved popularity. Maybe it will now . . . XAVIER CUGAT'S nougats on a samba kick, "Samba With Cugat," half a dozen slices of samba—caramba! "Copacabana," "Papa Knows," "Mary Ann," "In Chi-Chi," "Cantenango," "Tico, Tico" and "Brazil" make up the package. (*Columbia album C 165*) Some wonderful yel-

lin' by Helen Forrest on Joe Venuti's new one, "Ain't Doin' Bad Doin' Nothin'," lazy bones type of delicacy and "Help Yourself To My Heart," but literally 'cause there's so much heart in these grooves it should be a model for all gal singers. (*MGM*) . . . The eckstatic Billy Eckstine's "Sophisticated Lady," prob-

ably the only vocal ever cut of this glorious piece of Ellingtonia. (*National*) . . . JOHNNY DESMOND'S initial slicing for Columbia, "Lillette" and "Bella Bella Marie," with the Dell Trio behind . . . "Fiddle Faddle" and "Jazz Pizzicato-Legato" get a good going over by the Columbia Orchestra, both cleffed by Leroy Anderson, an ex-Harvard guy. ARTIE SHAW'S "Take Your Shoes Off, Baby" with "Hot Lips" Page on fine trumpet and vocal, and "Love Me A Little Little," when Lena Horne was dressing up Forever Artie's gang. Both baked in 1941 . . . MAGGIE WHITING'S "There's Something About Midnight" and "Look For The Silver Lining," first one from "Lady In Ermine," more glory from the kid you dig on "Club 15" with Bob Crosby. (*Capitol*) . . . And NELLIE LUTCHER'S out with fresh melodious mayhem in the ridges of "Cool Water" and "Lake Charles Boogie," latter all in re her home pad of Lake Charles, La. . . . "The Night Has A Thousand Eyes," a gorgeous song which gets loving purring from both Buddy Clark and Vic Damone . . . LOUIS JORDAN'S "Don't Burn The Candle At Both Ends," a cute sequel to "Beware" and "Look Out." (*Decca*)

HOT!!

CLAUDE THORNHILL: "Arab Dance," "La Paloma." Just a 12-inch sample of what makes that Thornhill band so admired by musicians and good ears everywhere, so far above the average orchestra it's amazing! Takes these two classics, first from Peter Ilitch Tchaikowsky's "Nutcracker Suite" and de Yradier's standard, and fashions a thing of up-to-date harmonic wonder that's right from the middle of the grid-dle. The familiar old dove cops a mess of new-look plumage and the "Arab Dance" is loaded with beautiful harmonies. (*Columbia*)

BENNY GOODMAN: Shoeless John Jackson knocks out a plethora of zest on a brace of standard pace-setters, "Cherokee" and "Love Is Just Around The Corner." Lotsa of solos with three-point landings by all concerned, the sextet with Benny, especially, shining like that black beanstalk he plays. Gets greater all the time. (*Capitol*)

CHARLEY VENTURA: Come and pop your little top on some vocal bop! Two listens and you'll be singing "Euphoria" community sing, boppin' along like mad! S'vocal be-bop with Jackie Cain, a darling hunk of bric-a-brac, sharing the ooh-ooh-ah-ees with Roy Kral. Bennie Green blows fine trombone and "Chazz" is "gone" on tenor. Play this for your friends who don't dig bop. (*Sittin' In*)

HANK D'AMICO: "Hank's Pranks," "Juke Box Judy." An enticing sl'cing for you rascals who have ears for the more sophisticated jazz. (*National*)

LES BROWN: The kid of renown cooks a plate of great big band jump, "Blue Danube" and "Sophisticated Swing." No bout adoubt it, one of the best bands extant. (*Columbia*)

JULIA LEE gets her licks in on "Wise Guys," with Vic Dickenson on trombone and Ernie Royal on trumpet and "All

BEST IN THE NEST

"The Night Has A Thousand Eyes"—Buddy Clark (*Columbia*)
King Cole For Kids—(*Capitol album*)
"This Is The Moment"—Jo Stafford (*Capitol*)
"Baby, Baby, All The Time"—Tommy Dorsey (*Victor*)
"Ain't Doin' Bad Doin' Nothin'"—Bing Crosby (*Decca*)
"Euphoria"—Charley Ventura (*Sittin-In*)
"P. S., I Love You"—Johnny Desmond (*MGM*)
"Arab Dance" and "La Paloma"—Claude Thornhill (*Columbia*)
"Better Luck Next Time"—Perry Como (*Victor*)
"Sometimes I'm Happy"—Lena Horne (*MGM*)

I Ever Do Is Worry," spotting tasty Benny Carter alto. 'Course Julia school-sya with that fine Baldwin and her throat is ear-appetizing. (Capitol)

The Kind Of Guy Crosby Is

Continued from page 24

FROM THE MAN IN GRAY

To Harold Foster, Paterson, N.J.: If you have a song and you think it's good, send a record of it to the artist you think it best suits. If he or she likes it, they'll use it. That's the most sensible way to give a song a boost . . . Rosemary Jowitt, Ossining, N.Y.: Ray McKinley's latest waffle is "You Came A Long Way From St. Louis," as catchy as a cold. Knock some linen to Victor records for a pix . . . Virginia Woppman, Baltimore, Md.: Peter Lawford, Guy Madison and Burt Lancaster are all in their middle twenties . . . Dawn Wompule, Bath, N.Y., Gerry Erricson and Jo Ann Newmier of Oakland, Calif.: Desi Arnaz is an angel of a guy, can't blame your heart trouble one iota. He'll be doing another picture soon and you can keep in touch with his tonsils on Victor . . . Pat Kennedy, Cleveland, Ohio: Buddy Clark now cops his nod (sleeps) on the coast. Bought a new home, has a doll of a daughter and you can dig him on Carnation show . . . No more time to chin, Min, so lay some watermarked stuff on me and don't spare the ???s.

Address letters to Fred Robbins, SCREENLAND Magazine, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N Y.

but it was cut too short to peer through.)

I pushed my way through the mobs of people and the gigantic plates of hot sausages, frantically trying to find the guest of honor, Harry Lillis Crosby. At one point I thought he had ducked back of a stage, but by the time I got there he was gone.

On the stage were great signboards loaded with telegrams from almost anyone who is anyone and a lot of people who aren't anyone. Bob Hope (who is someone) had wired that at last Bing's age matched his golf score. Barry Fitzgerald (another someone) wired, "I thought only younger people celebrated birthdays. Why don't you go home and take a drink of something that's spelt backwards." Incidentally, as my searching eyes cased the presents, none of which could cost over fifty cents, I discovered more boxes of Serutan than the Serutan company has. Bing can drink that backward-spelt drink from now until doomsday.

Tired by now of the paper hats being pushed in my eyes and snappers going off in my ears and trying to find a drink other than Serutan, I really started looking for Bing. A mob over in the corner seemed to be having a wonderful time, so I figured he was there. Guess what? He wasn't. A blonde was!

By now, having become desperate, and

almost ready to give up, I began my northwest passage to the door. With only about five more feet to go, someone grabbed my arm. Before even turning around I said, "Yes, I've had a lovely time. I'll mention your movie on the air and thanks for asking me."

A voice said, "What are you talking about? Aren't you going to wish me a Happy Birthday?"

Well, now you know. It was the birthday boy himself! I whipped around and planted a big fat kiss on his cheek.

Bing smiled, and said, "Well, kid, how have you been and how's the radio?"

I told him the radio was doing just fine last time I listened, and he said, "When am I going on your program?"

I looked at him in amazement and said, "For heaven's sake, you don't want to go on my program, do you?"

"Sure I do," Bing replied. "After all, I started you on the air and I have to come back and see how my girl's doing. When do we do it?"

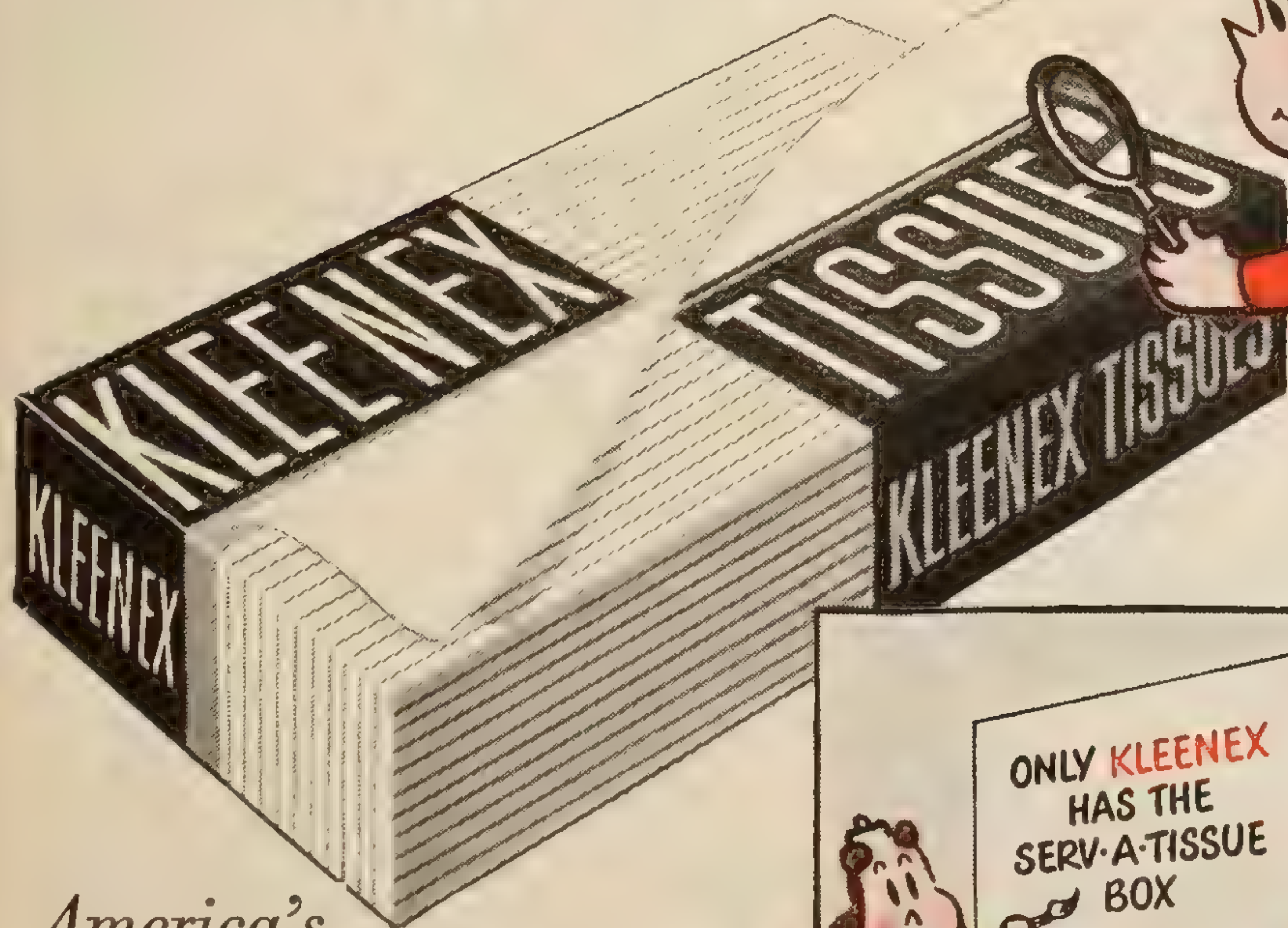
Practically out of my mind with delight over the possibility of having Bing as my guest again, I told him that anytime he was ready all guests already booked would be fired.

"But, Bing," I added, "I have to do a story about you before you leave town."

"Can't you write it without me. You (Please turn to page 54)

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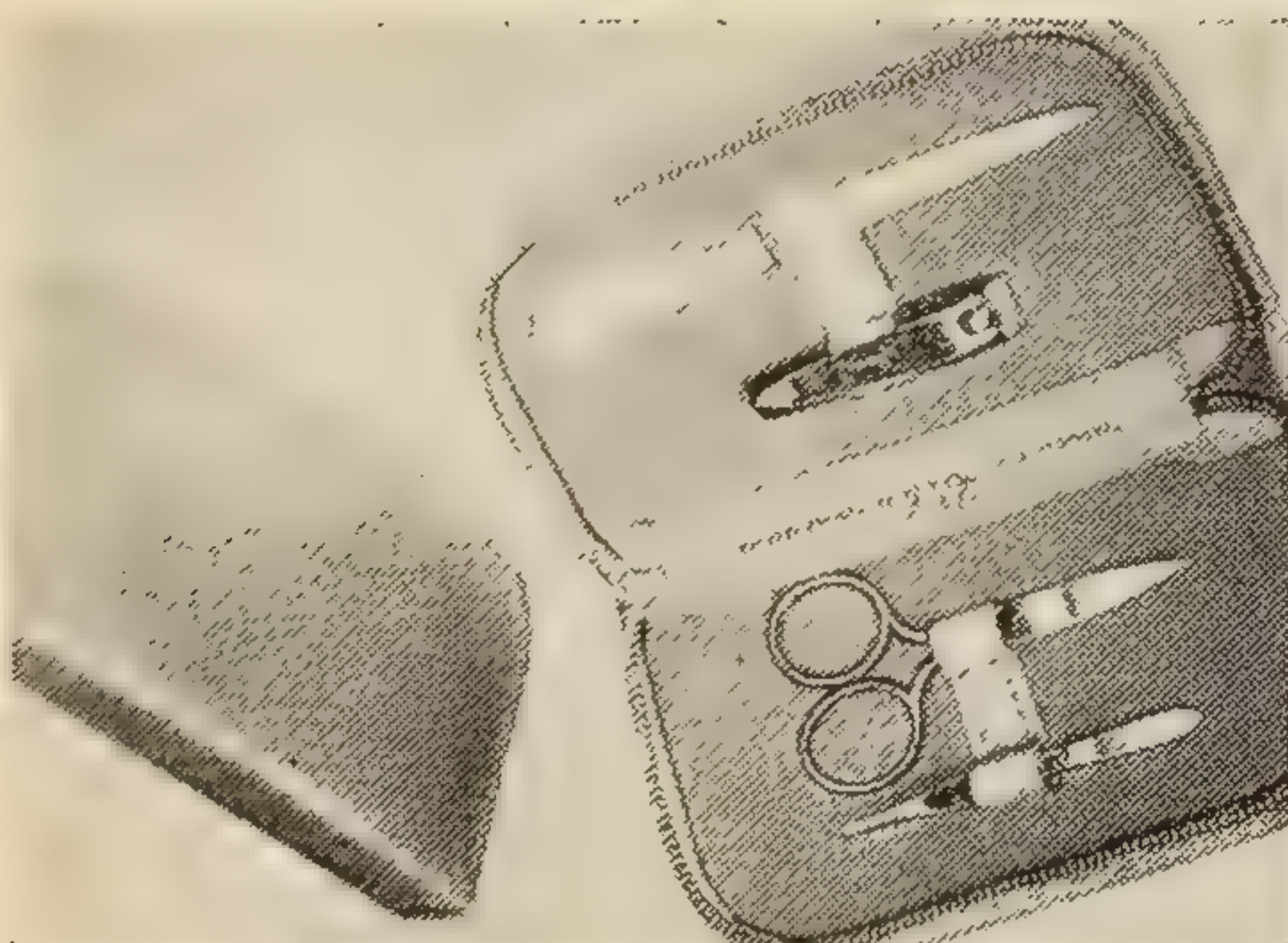
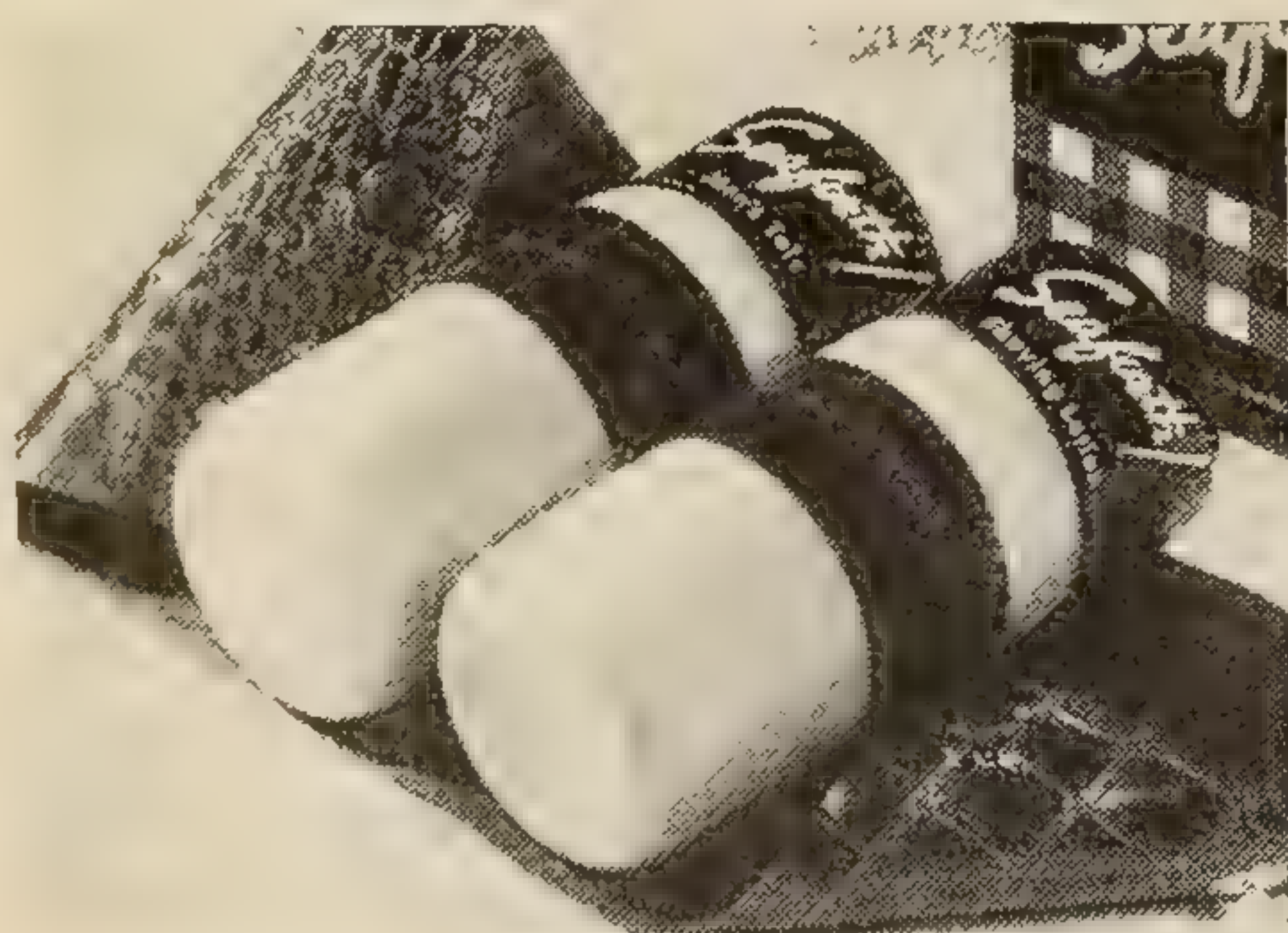
*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

WHEN shopping for men, consider their amusement, their comfort, their convenience, and you're on the beam.

Seaforth puts lotion and men's talc, or lotion and men's Cologne, fresh with heather, in unbreakable, featherweight Duralite containers. The wrapper is simulated alligator in maroon or brown. Ideal for travelers, and home boys will like this, too. Price, \$2.50.*

Something he might not buy himself, but will bless you for—Revlon's "Fashion Craft" essentials for good grooming. There are nail scissors, clip, file and tweezers, in a pig grain real leather case lined with suedene. Price, \$5.95.*

Two Seaforth favorites are in new unbreakable, featherweight containers.



Good-looking and for his good looks, Revlon's "Fashion Craft" grooming aids.

Lektrolite, the flameless lighter, is an ideal outdoorsman's companion. It's unaffected by wind or storm and needs very infrequent fueling. Models come from \$1.65 to \$10.00, but the one shown is \$2.50. At cigar counters everywhere.

This good-looking Jewelite brush by Pro-phy-lac-tic has the handle that men like for it fits the palm and gives a firm hold. It comes in clear crystal or garnet with resilient prolon bristles. Price, \$4.00.

Chap Stick was on practically every fighting man's lips in World War II, and now comes Chap-ans, really more than a man's hand cream, to do a kind job in a man's rugged pursuits, a perfect extra gift for his Merry Christmas. Price, \$.60.*

*Plus 20% Federal Tax.

Pro-phy-lac-tic's Jewelite club brush, a shape a man likes to hold and to own.



Chap-ans, a man's hand cream to do a man-size job. He'll remember Chap Stick!

The Kind Of Guy Bing Is

Continued from page 53

know enough about me already," he answered. "Seriously, Flo, whenever you're ready and you have an angle, just let me know."

Twenty thousand people were standing by pulling at Bing's sleeve, so he bade me farewell and turning to the publicity man, said, "Now come on. Help me get out of this joint before I drop dead."

Two weeks slipped by without a sound and nowhere in town was Crosby to be found. I haunted the haunts that movie stars haunt when they're in town and while there was a Crosby present, it was Everett, not Bing. Finally, on a certain Wednesday, I gave up in disgust and drove out to the most "chi-chi" of golf clubs on Long Island, namely Meadowbrook. I walked in the dining room to get a bit of lunch and fell over Bing. He was sitting with Johnny and Fifi Fell, a beautiful young couple, whose children have the rare honor of having Bing Crosby as godfather.

Bing was laughing over what Meadowbrook had termed the "love team." The team consists of Bing, Shipwreck Kelly (who married the glamour girl of all time, Brenda Frazier) and another man. Every day those three played golf together and once in awhile they let a stranger make it a foursome. The betting was high, the golf great, but the singing was unbelievable! Meadowbrook, ordinarily a quiet club where you hear nothing but the rustle of thousand dollar bills, had been full of melody. Bing sang all around the course and even Shipwreck sang, too. As a matter of fact, no matter who played with them, by the time they reached the ninth hole, they were all singing and swatting. That is the wonderful thing about Bing.

Determined not to be caught with my typewriter keys down any longer, I asked Bing where he was staying.

"Well," he said, "I am very fancy. I have two hotels, a country one and one in town. Very impressive, I think! I'm living at the Garden City Hotel to be near my "love team," and when I have to stay in town late, you can find me at the Westbury Hotel."

Bing waved, disappeared around a sand trap, and once again, I still didn't have a story. Great Guns, I realized I didn't even have an appointment!

I let two days go by so as not to appear too pushy, and then called the Garden City Hotel. Bing was playing golf. Two days later I called again and this time it was raining cats and dogs. Bing was still playing golf! It takes more than rain to either injure his hat or dampen his ardor.

A week later I called the Westbury on the day of his program. Bing transcribes while he's in New York and his programs are a riot to watch. I knew that several of my friends and all their children were going over to see the shenanigans. Bing is always so gracious about visitors. He arranges for you to go right through all the crowds, and if there are any kids present, he really puts himself out to be

guide to gifts



Lektrolite is a flameless lighter that avoids many of the usual lighter pitfalls.

sweet. He takes the kids backstage and introduces them to everyone. The only drawback, the mothers tell me, is the children can't eat their supper afterwards from excitement.

Anyway, this time I was told Bing would call me back and he did, two days later at nine a. m. Mother threw cold water on me for fully ten minutes and kept screaming that Bing was on the phone. I woke up fast after that, shook my head three times, cleared my throat, and grabbed the phone. "Hello," I said, which was the greatest height of cleverness I could reach at that hour.

"You sound like you just came out of an oxygen tent," said Crosby. "What's the matter?"

I mumbled something and asked after his golf to which he replied, "Oh, that's going great. By the way, Flo, why don't you get married? I want all you girls who are friends of mine to marry rich men so that you can help me out financially in later years when I need it."

I roared and said, "Oh, Bing, you know you're loaded."

"Loaded!" he said. "Far from it. Why Flo, I haven't even got change of a match."

We chatted on and finally I mentioned that I had called him about a story. There was a long pause and then, in a very hurt voice, he said,

"Do you mean to tell me that your only reason for calling me was a commercial one?" I started to splutter, but he continued, "Here I thought you'd just called me out of friendship to find how everything was going. Flo, I'm wounded and hurt."

By then I was in tears. "How can I make it up to you?" I asked.

"By letting me go on your radio program and talk about my movie, 'The Emperor Waltz,'" he replied.

"Fine," I snapped back. "When?"

"Well, I'm leaving for home on Sunday," Bing said. "Today's Tuesday and I have to do my own program. Tomorrow I play golf, Thursday my ball team gets in town and Friday I'm playing golf. And you're not on the air on Saturday, are you?"

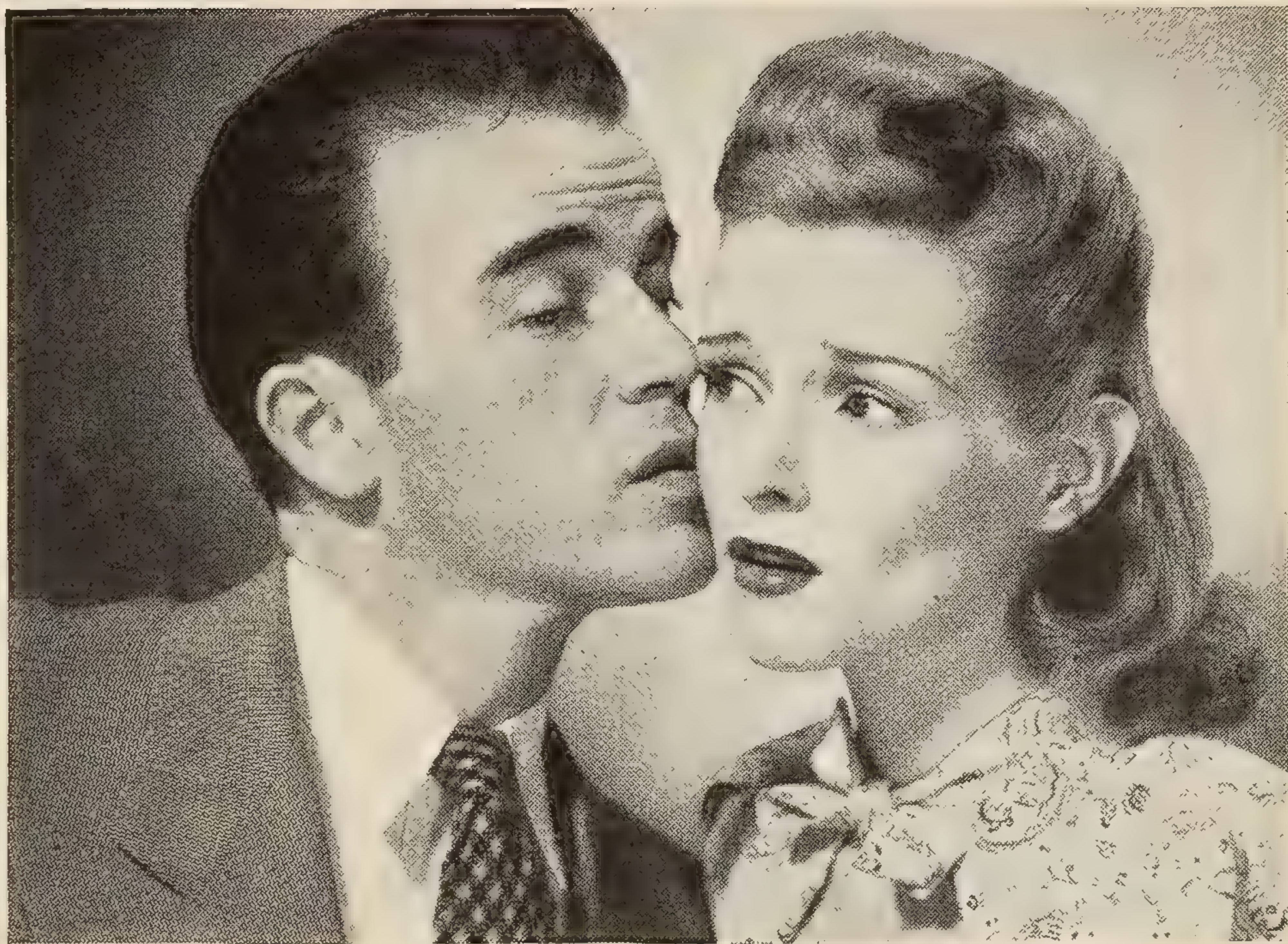
My reply of "No" came through my tightly clenched teeth. So then, dear readers, I not only didn't have a story, I didn't even have a radio program.

Time marched on and I could hear the whistles of that Sunday train. Besides that, the groans from the editor of this magazine were getting louder and more violent.

Saturday night, the loneliest night in the week, turned out to be just the opposite. I went to a party. Guess who was there? Bing Crosby! Guess whom I sat next to at dinner? Bing Crosby! Guess who sat on his other side? Elsa Maxwell! Guess who never got a word in edgewise? Me!

The party was given in the magnificent home of Brenda and Shipwreck Kelly. Our table was off in a small room attached to the dining room where the food was laid in a buffet. Bing did all of the procuring for Elsa and myself, and then sat himself down. Sarah Russell, the daughter of the Duke of Marlborough, sat across from Bing and was

Love-quiz...For Married Folks Only



WHY HAVE HIS KISSES GONE COLD?

A. If her devoted husband has suddenly become indifferent, it may be because she has grown careless about feminine hygiene.

Q. Is proper feminine hygiene so important to married happiness?

A. Yes. Intimate daintiness...charm...call for effective douching. That's why so many doctors recommend thorough yet gentle "Lysol" brand disinfectant.

Q. What about salt, soda . . . other homemade douching solutions?

A. Weak, makeshift or homemade solutions cannot compare with the tested and proved cleansing efficiency of "Lysol."

Q. Why is "Lysol" more dependable than many other disinfectants?

A. Because it is effective not only in the test tube but in contact with organic matter. "Lysol" is a proved germ and odor killer.

ALWAYS USE "LYSOL" in the douche, to help you keep the complete feminine daintiness that is magic in a marriage.



Check these facts with your doctor

Many doctors recommend "Lysol" brand disinfectant for Feminine Hygiene. Non-caustic, "Lysol" is

non-injurious to delicate membrane. Its clean, antiseptic odor quickly disappears. Highly concentrated, "Lysol" is economical in solution. Follow easy directions for correct douching solution.

For Feminine Hygiene rely on safe, effective

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Easy to use . . . economical

A Concentrated Germicide



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Mothers have confidence in Ex-Lax—it's America's Favorite Family Laxative. So, when you or your youngster need relief, take Ex-Lax. Still only 10¢. There is no better laxative at any price.

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PAINS or from
"ARTHRITIS"
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SIMPLE NEURALGIA
OR MUSCULAR ACHES
PLEASE
READ THIS
CAREFULLY



We don't care what you've tried before—patent medicines, hot water bottles, heating pads, etc., our **ELECTRIC MASSAGER** may do for you what it has done for thousands of people who suffered from some of the torture-like pains of "RHEUMATIC, ARTHRITIC or NEURITIC TYPES," or from LUMBAGO, SIMPLE NEURALGIA or MUSCULAR ACHES due to cold, exposure or fatigue—or we will refund your money! There is nothing mysterious about our unit. It is a well-known fact that heat has relieved the various pains described above. Our **ELECTRIC MASSAGER** is the finest heating unit ever made which enables you to **MASSAGE** the painful area at the same time that invigorating heat is applied. You will be amazed at the efficiency of this new instrument. Operates on any 110-volt line, AC or DC. Send \$3.00 cash, check or Money Order and we will ship prepaid or, if you wish, we will ship C.O.D. and you can pay the Postman \$3.00 plus few cents postage.

HERE'S PROOF! From original letters on file
D. J. W. OF MISSOURI WRITES: "Words cannot express the wonderful relief I have had in this short time... you can expect some more orders some time by doubting Thomas". I am satisfied."
MRS. N. M. W. OF TEXAS WRITES: "I purchased one... have used it many, many times for relief of pains in various parts of my body especially for muscular backache... I wouldn't be without one."

METROPOLITAN ELECTRONIC CO., Dept 64A
42 Warren St., New York 7, N. Y.

a perfect outlet for his divine sense of humor. He kept teasing her about her papa, the Duke, about their castles and why they didn't get lost in them. Bing went into great lengths about the lack of plumbing in English country castles. Sarah loved it all. Bing and Elsa got into a big argument about television, both of the same belief, that it is one of the greatest mediums ever to be discovered.

Bing wanders through this sometimes titled, but always social group with the greatest of ease. Unlike most movie actors, he seems to prefer the quiet golfing and dining life these people lead, for he spends more of his time with them than with others. Most movie stars come to New York and rush from show to show, from nightclub to nightclub and go home exhausted. Also, while in New York, they stick with the other Hollywoodites in town. Bing does just the opposite.

After dinner, the girls moved into the drawing room and the men stayed in the library. Finally, when the women could bear it no longer, Bing sauntered in, followed by the rest of the males (*all of whom were very incidental that night*). He sat down in a chair, threw his leg over the arm, and smiled around the room. Soon everyone began to beg him to sing, for someone had started playing a piano in the corner.

Bing called over, "Sure I'll sing. What do you know how to play?"

Great discussions went back and forth. The key was finally set and Bing serenaded the group of fifty people for an hour.

The funny thing about Bing is that he knows all the tunes, but few of the words. One time at a party at "21," given for Anita Colby, Morton Downey stood by Bing feeding him the lyrics while Bing sang. Tonight the lyric feeding was my role. I sat by his chair and told him the words in a whisper so he could get them out in time.

He stopped singing for a while and I asked, "Bing, doesn't it ever annoy you to be constantly asked to sing?"

"No," he replied, "I love to sing. Nothing bothers me, Flo."

"You mean all the fans and questions and people watching you never upsets you?" I asked.

"Flo," he answered, "I haven't a nerve in my body! None of it affects me. I hardly even notice it."

I thought of how often Bing Crosby is taken advantage of by many groups of people. He has a set-up arranged so that Everett takes most of the original trouble. All the deals people want to make with Bing go through his brother, and often when he wants to cut someone short he tells them to talk to Everett.

Recently, a rally was planned in Boston for a charity. They sent Bing an invitation, and then before they had his answer, released tons of publicity that Bing Crosby would be there to make a personal appearance. Never once did the people running the affair check with Bing as to whether he could be there. They used it as a come-on and then when Bing didn't arrive (*as he couldn't make it*), all the people who had bought tickets on

the chance of seeing Bing Crosby turned on him. Through no fault of his own, Bing was severely criticized and not once did the perpetrators of all this admit that it was they who were in the wrong, not Crosby.

Fred Allen did a broadcast for Bing and Bing was to do a return. Suddenly, weeks in advance, stories started appearing in *Variety* and other papers that Allen wasn't talking to Bing because Bing had refused to do the Allen show. I asked Bing about this and he said, "What do you mean? I'm doing the Allen broadcast this Sunday and it's been set right along."

There is the nut of the trouble. A man reaches the stardom and fame of a Crosby and "Everybody wants to get into the act." They ask impossible things of a star. They expect him to be one thousand people in one thousand different places at the same time. Then, when it's impossible, (*there is only one Bing Crosby*) they say, "Ah, he's a bum!" It's unfair that anyone as agreeable and affable as Bing should have to put up with this terrific inconsideration. Sure, he's become evasive because everyone has a favor to ask or an angle. Bing is the first person to help someone out, but let's face it, he can't help them all.

That was on Saturday and on Sunday Bing left for California. Monday morning my assistant arrived to find me the picture of dejection. When she asked what in the world was the matter, I told her that I still hadn't gotten the story on Bing.

She stopped for a minute and then said, "Why don't you tell the story of how marvelous he was to my sister and her husband?"

"If I knew the story I would," I replied.

This is it. At a huge party at the Stork last year in my honor, Bing and a group of his friends dropped by for a while. Everyone wanted to meet him, most particularly, my assistant. She sat with his party, and danced with Bing and had a wonderful time. She told Bing that her sister and brother-in-law were going to see Hollywood. It was to be their first trip to the coast and their first real honeymoon. Bing, extraordinary guy that he is, wrote them a letter of introduction to his secretary at Paramount.

The note said that this young couple were good friends of his and that while in California he wanted them to see everyone they wanted to see, go everywhere they wanted to go, and do everything they wanted to do. Believe me, they did! They were squired from studio to studio, from Mocambo to Santa Anita, met the biggest big shots of the town, and never once were expected to pay the check!

That's the kind of a guy Crosby is. Can you top it? I doubt it.

So there it was. Just another of the millions of anecdotes showing so clearly what a tip-top person Bing Crosby is to many, many people. Of course, it wasn't enough to write a whole story about, so all I can do, dear readers, is tell you the story of "how I didn't get a story."

Give me time, though, I'll catch up with him even if it means taking up golf!

Edith Head's Fashion Flashes

Continued from page 47

a circular skirt makes a short girl look like a mushroom. For variety you can press out the pleats at the bottom and get a floating effect with sheer material, as we did with Wanda Hendrix's net dress. Her white wool gabardine and her coat dress also have unpressed pleats. They give fullness that falls straight instead of spreading.

* * *

Don't Try To Look Cute

or try to dress like a Dresden doll with ruffled dirndls and lace ruchings. There's nothing more ghastly and it's exactly what a short girl shouldn't do. Veronica Lake never wears circular skirts. She stays with slim, tailored things that give her height. The trouble is that most small girls, unless they wear very good clothes, verge on cuteness. Ruffled doo-dads and a lot of trimming only make it worse.

* * *

There Should Be A Law

against short girls wearing high crown hats and platform shoes. They only make them look unhappy with what they are . . . short. The tall girl is tall and the short girl is short and there isn't much you can do about it. The five-footer can wear anything that is smart . . . but with modifications. Her hats must be simple and her clothes must be plain of line. She has more clothes problems, but she has one advantage. She can look much more feminine. And she doesn't need ruffles to do it. Everybody is somebody. So don't try to make yourself look like a copy of what you aren't.

* * *

What We Laughingly Call The New Look hit us and the average tall girl looked pretty good, but the short girl looked scary with her big balloon skirts. For that reason she must now be more careful about styles than the tall one.

* * *

Smart Clothes For The Short Girl

are a daily problem for me. I just completed wardrobes for Veronica Lake, Mona Freeman and Mary Hatcher who are all appearing in Paramount's "Isn't It Romantic?" I must say it was refreshing because even I am taller than any one of them.

* * *

The Newest Sweaters

are waist length . . . and here's how to make your old ones look like new. Tuck the sweater into your waist, knit a belt and add a buckle. It gives a finished look.

* * *

Calling All Cardigans

for all types of clothes. They've never been so good. You can make them of terry cloth to wear over sports clothes. Gail Russell has one and wears a matching monogrammed ascot with it. Veronica Lake has one in honey-beige corduroy and wears a matching divided skirt with it. I've made several by taking the regulation cashmere cardigan and lining it with different materials. One was beige cashmere lined with black crepe. Another is black cashmere lined with scarlet crepe faille. The lining makes it look less like a sweater and more like a costume piece.

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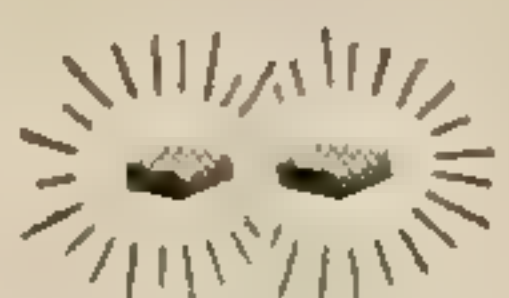
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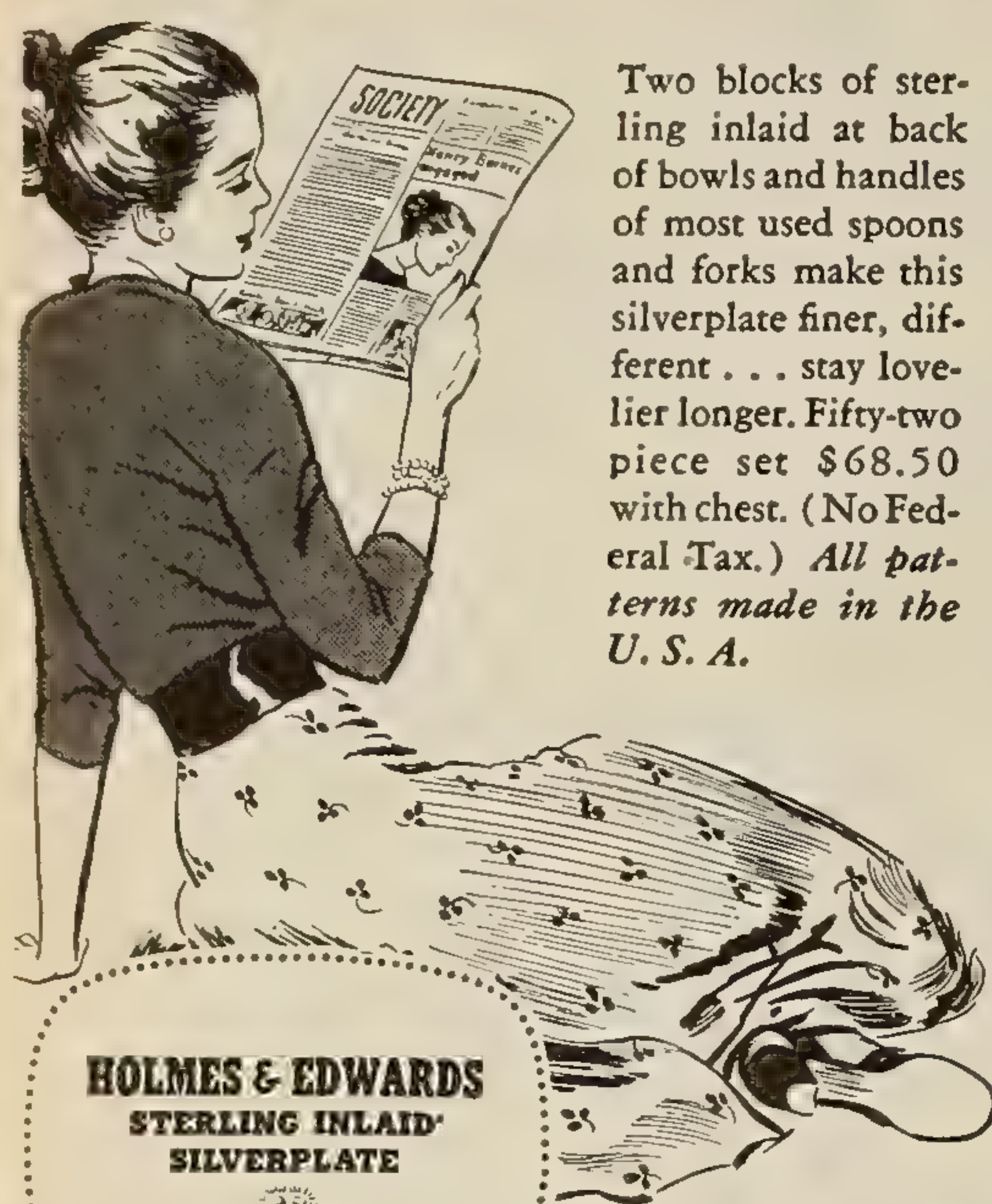
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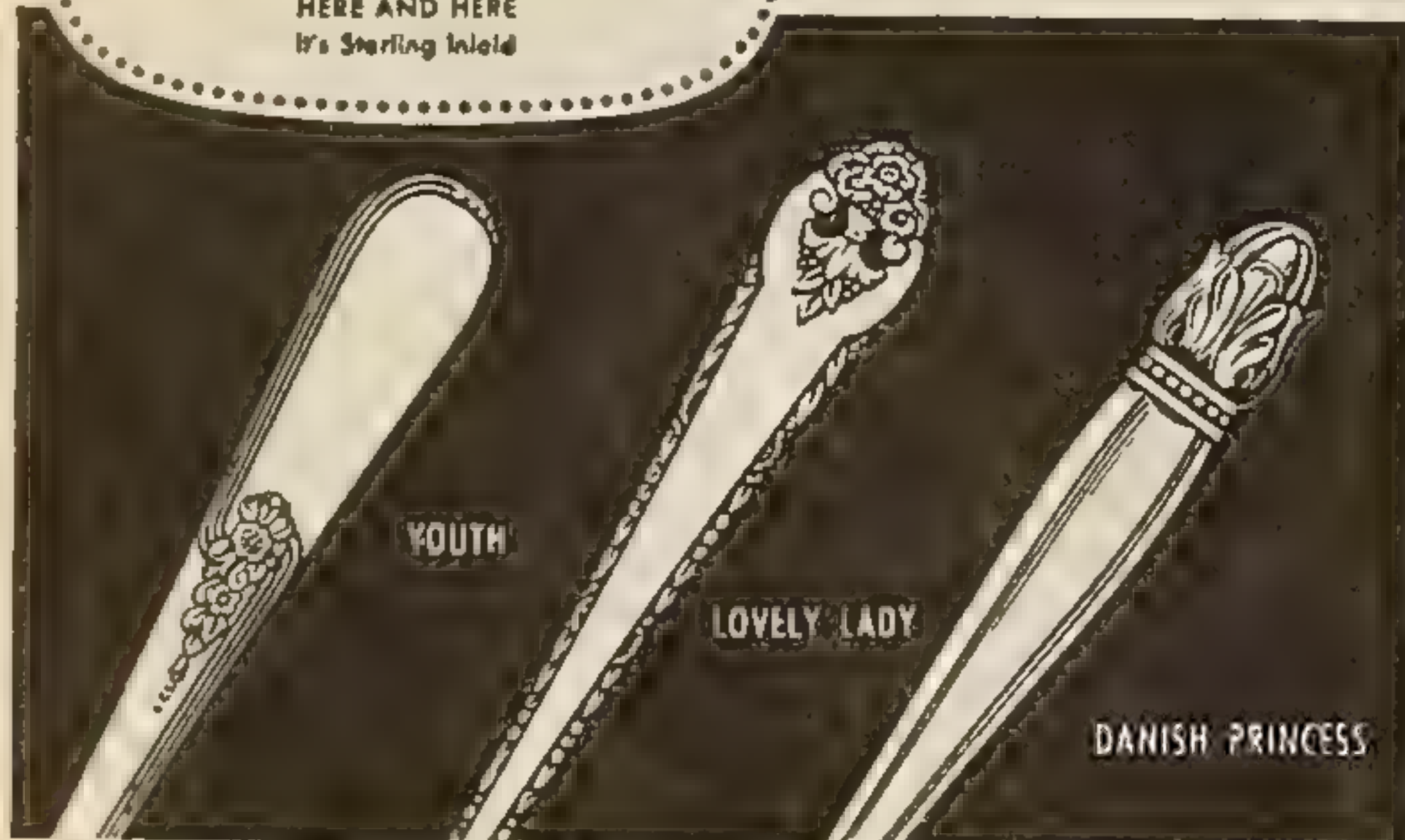


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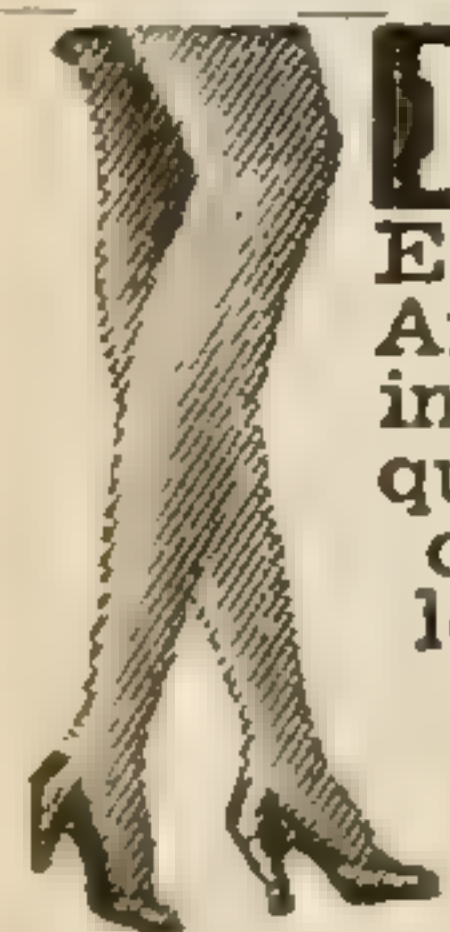


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Don't line the sleeves. Just add fake cuffs. . . a bit of lining beneath the sweater cuff. I'm using a flannel lining with most of my own sweaters. One black cashmere is lined with yellow flannel to match the yellow flannel shirt that goes with it.

* * *

Fur, Brocade, Velvet Cardigans

are news for evening wear. Marlene Dietrich wore an ermine cardigan to the preview of "A Foreign Affair" in New York . . . and stopped traffic. Betty Hutton wears brocade and velvet cardigans to parties. Some of them are monogrammed in brilliants and others sport flashing jeweled buttons.

* * *

Hold That Line

when it comes to the length of your skirts. If the tall girls are wearing them ten inches from the floor, keep yours up to twelve. Whatever you do, stay away from the very long skirt. It might be the height of fashion on a model, but it makes a short girl look as if she were wearing her mother's clothes.

* * *

It's Good

to combine several fabrics in one costume and to use two or three colors together. But if you're short, stay away from bulky materials or any bold designs. This Fall and Winter you'll see jersey combined with satin . . . black jersey skirts and satin tops. Wool will pair with velvet. And for evening, satin and taffeta.

* * *

Suggested Fabric Combinations

An unusual evening dress could be made of black crepe with panels of pink slipper satin. A dark green jersey dress with top and underskirt of a thin plaid wool would be smart. Another new evening idea is to wear a chiffon skirt with a band of taffeta at the bottom, and repeat the taffeta in the bodice. A black jersey suit gets a

new note if you add a black velvet vest and pockets of black velvet. For casual wear you can pair velveteen with flannel or any other wool.

* * *

New Color Combines

will be accented in skirts and coats. A violet coat would be stunning over a dark green suit. A navy skirt worn with a yellow jacket is new and good. And if you want the very last word in color wear a pink flannel blouse and a pink flannel petticoat with a navy blue suit.

* * *

You're Going To See

many of the new dresses with panels, sashes or fringe, for that swishing, moving effect. You're going to see waistlines rise. You're going to see evening dresses with covered fronts and bare backs.

* * *

And You'll Find It Smart

to wear detachable sleeves. They refresh your wardrobe and anyone can make them. Simply take two pieces of material. Sew elastic at the top and bottom and slip them under the short sleeves of your dress. Try sleeves of red and white candy-striped jersey with a grey flannel sport suit, and add an undervest of the same color flash. See how it changes the costume. Undersleeves and a bib of blue and white checked taffeta go smartly with a blue flannel dress. Gail Russell is planning some tailored sport dresses with gay tartan plaid undersleeves and matching collars or bibs.

* * *

For Sheer Luxury

try jewel trimmed satin undersleeves . . . or sparkling white lingerie undersleeves with black crepe dresses. Or, if you want to top all glamour accessories, take a tip from Loretta Young and copy her detachable ermine sleeves to wear with dinner suits and dresses.

Rosalind Makes Nine Wishes

Continued from page 27

outgrown. But building conditions and prices being what they are, the arrangement as of now continues. I want new linoleum on my kitchen floor, but darned if I am going to put it down until the cost of putting it down goes down. I'd like a new washing machine, too, but I'll continue to "like one" awhile longer.

I LIKE to want things. It keeps me eager, keeps me on my toes. I can't imagine anything more horrible than to walk down Fifth Avenue knowing that anything and everything you see in the smart shop windows you can have if you want to have them. Satiety, that would be. A kind of suffocation.

I never made any real money until I started free lancing. I wish that I may never make so much money but what I must needs wish to make more.

Easterner, as I am, born (June 4, 1912) in Waterbury, Connecticut, Wish No. 3 is that I may always live in Hollywood. I think it's a wonderful place to live. A place with terrific advantages. A certain newness, a certain frontierism, pioneerism, refreshing in a rather tired world. A place that has improved culturally, improved no end culturally, since

I came here to make my first picture ("Evelyn Prentice" with Bill Powell at MGM) ten years ago. The New York plays, usually complete with the New York casts, come to us now. We also have the Metropolitan Opera, have had for two years. Every man and woman of distinction in the world visits us. Many of them are among the citizenry . . . a big city you might call us, with, on the outskirts, a country petticoat . . .

I think Hollywood is a wonderful place to bring up children and hope, as does Freddy, that we may continue to bring Lance up here.

Wonderful, first of all, physically. Meaning—I have news for you—the CLIMATE. Kidding aside, you can't do much mentally unless you are on the beam physically. Wonderful health you must have, not only for your own personal well-being but for the good of your work. Speaking as an actress, I know that the MOST important asset to an actress is vitality. True, you must have talent, a great willingness to work, and to grow in your work, but without vitality an actress, like a biscuit without baking powder, will not, so to speak, "rise."

Nor is Hollywood "dangerous to marriage." I earnestly wish (No. 4) that I may never hear or read that old saw again! Or ever be told again, as I have been told a number of times, "Well, you see, I come from a small town, got out here, got \$100,000 for a picture, and it just went to my head!" When this confidence is made me by one or the other of a broken marriage, I am tempted to crack back, "My dear sir, or madam, why don't you just tell the truth—that you were born weak in the head to begin with!"

Hollywood is NOT dangerous to marriage. I say it firm, I say it flat. Those who say it is are merely making an excuse for their own bad behavior.

Why, right off the top of my head, just giving it the once over lightly, I can pick names among the men I have worked with in pictures—Ronald Colman, Bob Montgomery, Bob Young, Paul Lukas, Don Ameche, Walter Pidgeon, Fred MacMurray, Michael Redgrave—certainly Hollywood has not been dangerous to their marriages, years long as they have been. As for our marriage, Freddy's and mine, now in its eighth year, if a marriage can be safer than ours, as well as happier, how safe, I want to know, and how happy can you get?

I wish, *Wish No. 5*, to go gay in pictures. In fact, I am GOING to go gay for about four films in a row. I've put my foot down, I've put both feet down, I'm SITTING down on doing anything but comedies, for any company, for any reason, though the scripts be from Shakespeare!

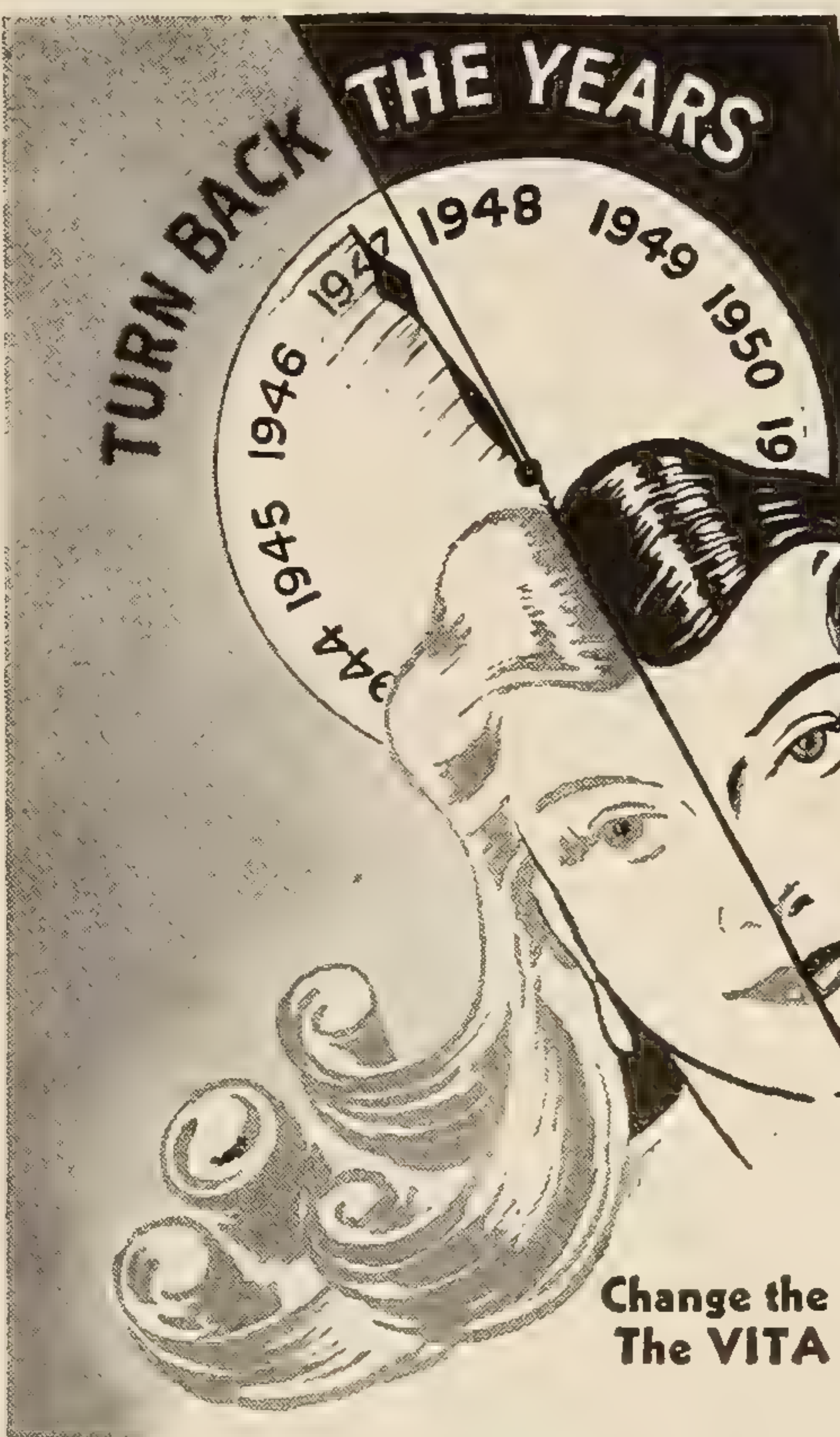
I am working next in a comedy for RKO. And Columbia Pictures, to which I owe a picture, is looking for a comedy for me. And then WE own a comedy—"we" being Freddy, Dudley Nichols and your Miss Russell, otherwise known as Independent Pictures, Inc.

I am, however, let me make it very clear, a producer *in name only*. I don't produce. I won't produce. I worked a bit on the script of "The Velvet Touch." That I like to do. But when, while we were casting, they called me in two or three times, I said, "Don't call me in on actors. I wouldn't want an actor to tell me I couldn't play a part. Or even," I added, "that I could."

The day we went into production, I told Jack Gage (*who had never directed a picture before*), "Now you're going out there and *you* is the boss! Don't ask me nuttin'. This is your picture." To me, a director is always the boss. I may agree with him, I may disagree with him—either way, he should have the last word.

Judging from reports on "The Velvet Touch," it looks as if my faith in young director Gage is amply justified. I enjoyed making the picture, which is a psychological suspense drama, something in the mood of 20th Century-Fox's box-office hit, "Laura," which starred Gene Tierney and Dana Andrews and featured one of my favorite people in the world. Clifton Webb. I enjoyed working again with Leo Genn. But in my present mood of levity and laughter, even a "velvet touch" is too heavy for me. I am now of a mind to take down that pompadour and throw custard pies!

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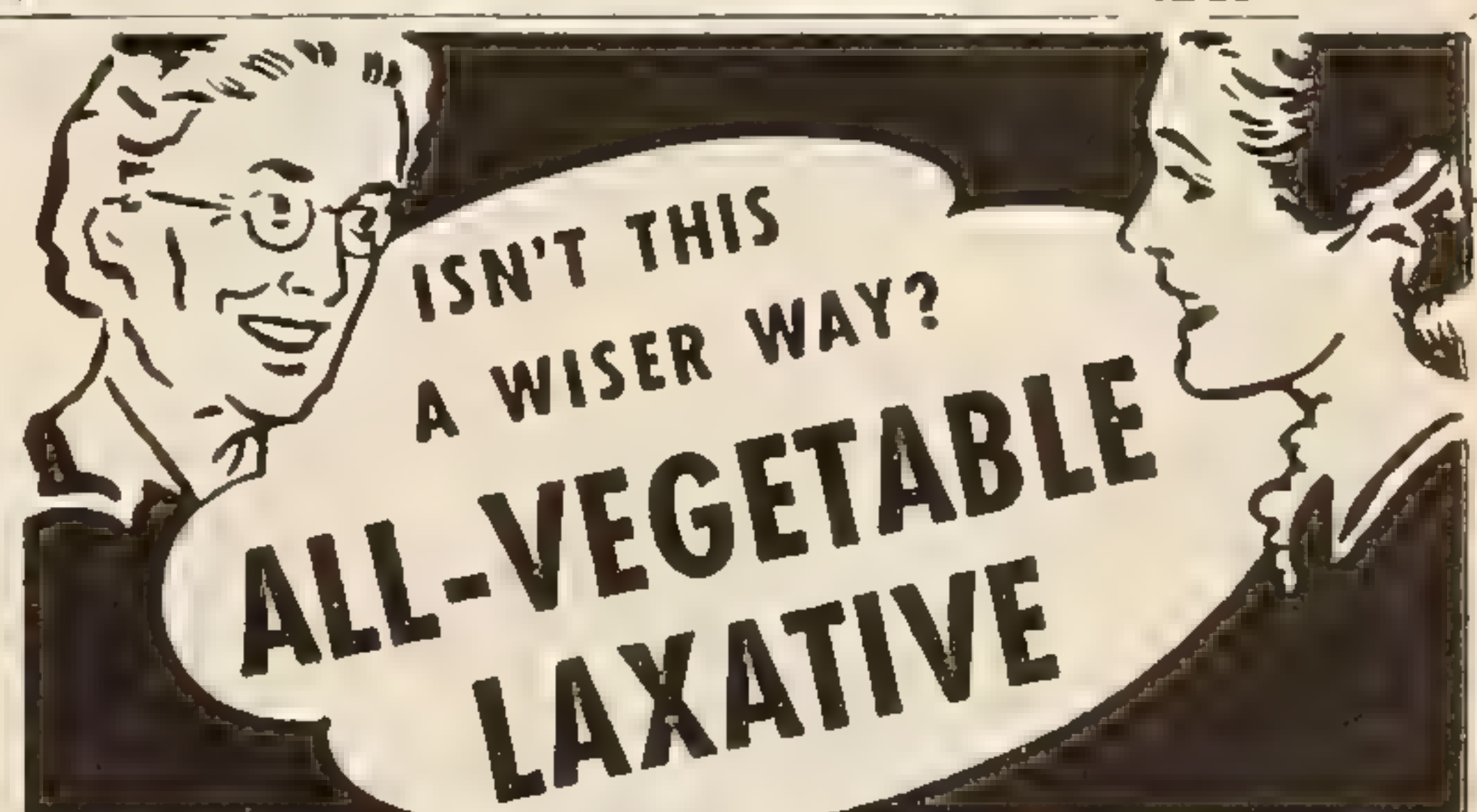
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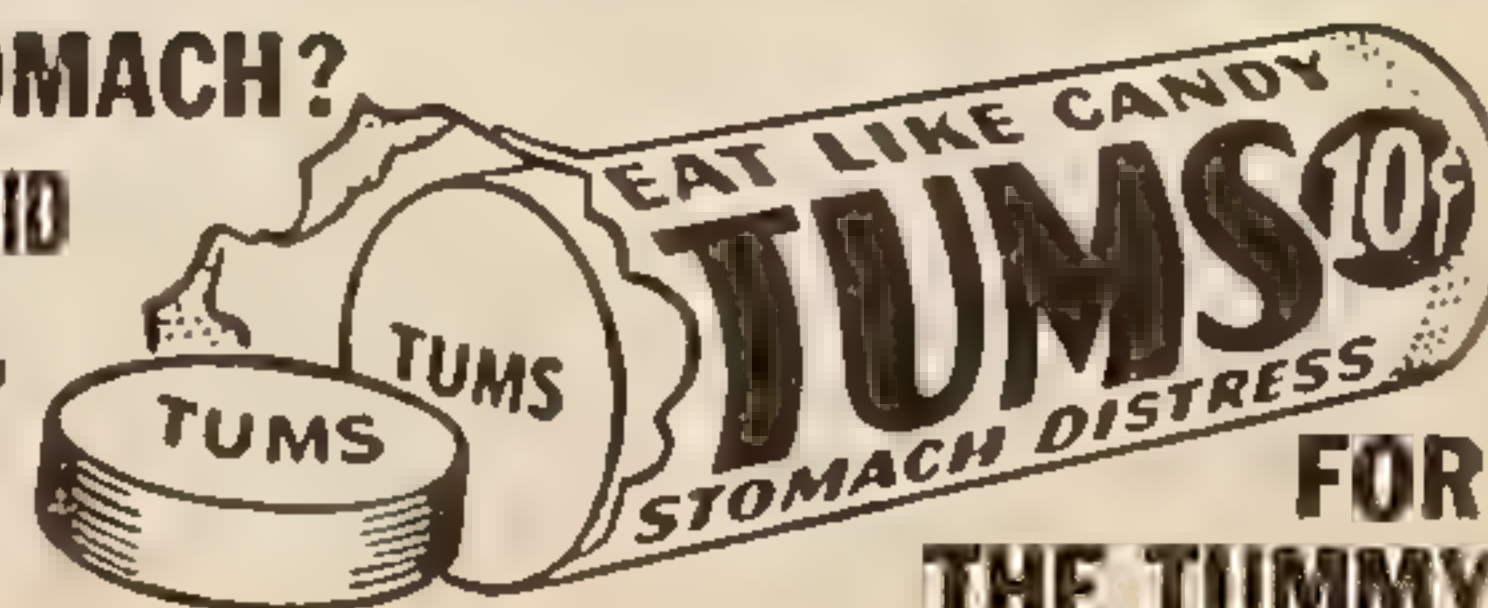
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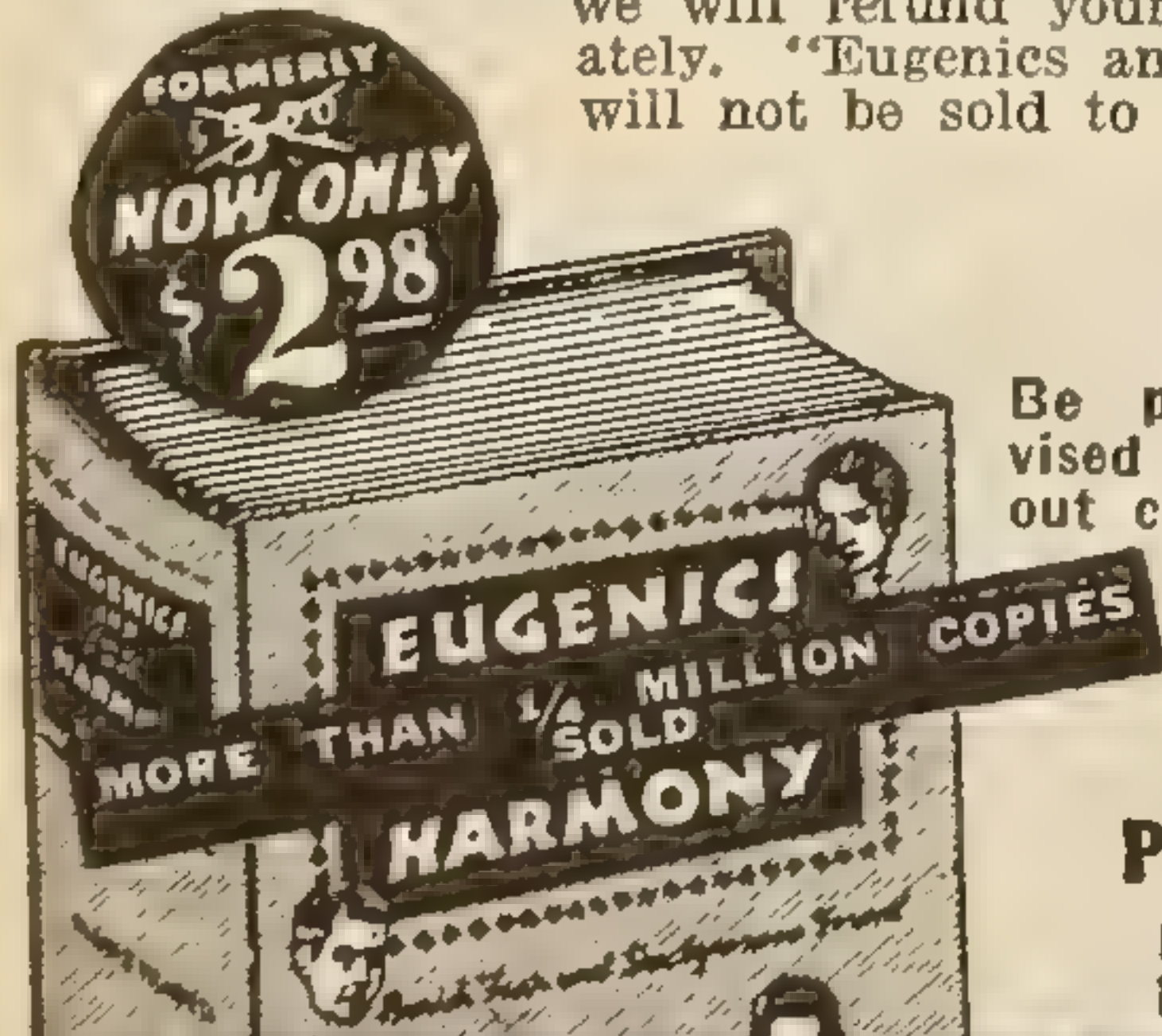
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My heart is a comedienne's heart. I LOVE to laugh. I like people who make me laugh. I love to hear laughter in a theatre. Go to a theatre and hear the audience laughing at your lines—boy, you feel good! A drama, though it's a hit, doesn't make you feel the same. If I had my way, I'd have 'em laugh before the picture starts. Have 'em laugh as the first title, Independent Pictures presents—(plug!) goes on the screen.

We laugh a lot at home, Freddy and I. We go out together, just the two of us, which I love, and have a million laughs. One of my big wishes (No. 6) is that someday soon we can go on a trip together, a trip which would involve no business at all. Where we go is relatively unimportant, so long as we're alone, and together. "Why," a friend of mine asked me, just before Freddy sailed for Europe in the early Summer, "why don't you go with him?" "Take a look at that list of business deals and you'd take a flying leap," I told her, "out that 9th story window!"

Lance is a laughing boy, a happy child. How else? He comes from Laughing Pa and Laughing Ma, doesn't he?

My wish (No. 7) for Lance is that he retain his sense of humor. I can't wish happiness for him. Not, that is, total, complete and life-long happiness. One must have some unhappiness, some frustration, even some tragedy, to develop into any kind of a human being. So, unhappiness, too, I must, reluctantly, wish for him, comforted by the reflection that if he retains his sense of humor, he will survive.

As comedy is easy on an audience, it's easy on an actor, too. Example: When, a few years ago, we—Brian Aherne and I—were making "My Sister Eileen," we played a scene in which Brian asked me to get him a drink of water. As I went to the faucet, turned it on, Director Al Hall suggested that as I stood there, waiting for the water to run cold, I look Brian up and down, down and up and make a face at him. Simple as it sounds, silly as it sounds, it never failed, that scene, to get a belly laugh. Easy way, I mean, to earn your living!

When you're doing drama, on the other hand, especially heavy *dray-ma*, you have to feel dreadful in the scenes that call for you to feel dreadful. Since there is no way I have ever found to simulate real deep emotion, you have *actually* to feel dreadful. Crying scenes, for instance—we don't use glycerine to make tears these days; we REALLY cry in crying scenes—cry all day long if necessary.

In "The Velvet Touch," I play a scene in which I become hysterical. Something Leo Genn says to me and, in seven seconds flat, I have to go into complete hysterics. How did I do it? By listening so hard to what Leo was saying to me that the impact of what he said had real meaning for me, so I *had* hysterics. An uneasy way, I mean, to earn your living!

Furthermore, comedy is commonly more flattering to an actress than drama. In comedy, you are usually a gay gal, a cute trick, aided and abetted by the glamour treatment. Whereas, in drama . . . "Oh, you're so much YOUNGER than I thought," a young woman, making my acquaintance for the first time,

recently exclaimed at sight of me. "You mean," I asked, amused, "younger than Sister Kenny?" That, she told me, was what she did mean. "You don't look mean, like you did in Electra," another new acquaintance flattered me by saying, having obviously expected that I would, and was clearly taken aback when she found out different . . .

One picture, not a comedy, was a Cause with me—"Sister Kenny." That picture I, comedienne at heart though I am, should have made. That one I HAD to make.

I don't like destructive things. I didn't enjoy hating my "mother" in "Mourning Becomes Electra," but I am glad I played *Electra*. It took courage to make that picture—courage on the part of the studio, the director and the cast. Courage rewarded, in my opinion, and not because I was in it, by a picture that is a fabulous job. Compelling. Fascinating, in its grim way. An important picture and adult.

Which prompts me to wish (No. 8) that those who can help an adult picture would do so. I frankly mean that I wish critics and reviewers and all those who cry out for better films, for adult films, saying "Pictures must advance, must grow up!" would say so.

I defy anyone to say we haven't tried to give them advanced and adult pictures here in Hollywood. Among them, "Gentleman's Agreement," "Sister Kenny," "Electra," "Crossfire," "I Remember Mama," "The Search," "Sister Kenny" (not because I was in it) was a terrific success. The Oscars awarded "Gentleman's Agreement" speak for it more eloquently than I can speak. So far as I know, the other films I've named are also successful. Let us pray they are. For if pictures such as these are not successful, with the critics, with the fans, if no help is given them, no drums beaten and a scarcity of kudos at the box-office, the studios will not make others like them. How can they? You can't, you know, run a business without meeting that payroll every week.

When I first came to Hollywood I was lunching one day, at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby, with a school-days friend of mine, Charlotte Wynter. Lunching in a booth near ours were two old-timers in the picture business. Pretty pathetic, they were, in their manifest efforts to hold on to glamour that was gone, to remain in the spotlight longer. "When I get like that," I said to Charlotte, "don't be delicate with me—move me on. Say, 'Roz, back to Waterbury for you!'"

In "Reckless," my fourth picture for MGM and also, get me, with Bill Powell, there was a sequence in which, dressed as a bride, I walked up a wide staircase with four attendants carrying my train. Looking back, during rehearsal for the scene, I saw that the four attendants carrying my train were *four one-time big stars*. "Bear this in mind, honey," I remember saying to myself. "bear this well in mind and when the day comes, drop dead! Or drop out! But just don't be IN pictures!"

"The Day," I now know, never comes. There IS no such day. Not for me there isn't, at any rate, or ever will be. For

things have changed in this business. You can now go on from young roles, from starring roles, from glamorous roles into mature roles, even elderly roles which can be as important, as satisfying as those that belong to youth. Take the late Dame May Whitty as a magnificent example. A wonderful spirit, had Dame May, in that eighty-three-year-old body of hers. Well do I remember, when we were making "Night Must Fall," putting pillows under Dame May. By the end of the picture, she was putting pillows under me! Take a great example like

Ethel Barrymore. Take a great example, in the theatre, like the late Laurette Taylor. And take hope. I do.

But if, by some fault of circumstance, or in me, "The Day" does come, I'll play any old hag or bag rather than not be in pictures at all. As demanding as making pictures is, you build your life around making pictures—in order to be successful, you HAVE to. If, then, you quit pictures, *what do you do?* Besides—

I love this business. With a real love. I wish, (No. 9) I wish upon a star, that I may stay in it until the day I die.

Cobina Wright's Gossip Of Hollywood Parties

Continued from page 33

fun costumes as well as beautiful ones. While Janet Gaynor looked ravishing in a gown of hundreds of crepe paper rose petals, Bill Daniels matched her in a romper suit of an equal number of price tags.

I overheard dashing Cesar Romero, who was the most handsome "classified ad" there that evening, asking lovely Adele Jergens for a dance. Adele had on entrancing demure colonial gown of sheets of pale blue note paper.

"Pardon me, dear," asked suave Cesar, "but are you stationary?"

"Yes," replied Adele demurely, "but not after the music starts."

What with gorgeous Virginia Bruce, Betty Hutton, Paulette Goddard and all the glamour girls done up in everything from playing cards to paper cartons, it was an exciting party. Certainly there wasn't another event last month that could hold a candle to it.

IF I were writing you this party news with an eye to headlines, I'd say, "Movie fans, move over and make way for royalty," because I've just discovered two regal members who would like to join your ranks.

It's Prince Ibrahim of Egypt and his lovely Princess, both of whom are ardent American film fans and who were just as excited about meeting film stars on their recent Hollywood visit as you or I.

When I noticed how thrilled the princess was when stars were presented to her at an Atwater Kent fiesta, I asked the Prince and the Princess if they wouldn't like to stop at my house for cocktails the next afternoon to have a chat with a few of their favorites. And who do you think they wanted to meet? The Louis Jourdans, Esther Williams, Turhan Bey, Gregory Peck, Maria Montez and Jean Pierre Aumont, Walter Pidgeon and Lana Turner!

Of course, Lana was still in Europe, but I invited all the others and it proved to be one of the gayest impromptu parties I've given in some time.

It was particularly relaxing for the Princess, who is half Parisian, to be able to converse easily in French, because she still feels a little self-conscious about her English.

She is a strikingly beautiful young woman, slender, dark and exquisitely groomed. That afternoon she looked as though she had literally stepped from a

page in *Vogue* or *Harper's*, with a dark blue taffeta cocktail dress of ankle-length, a matching blue cartwheel hat, and a small fortune of blue-black sapphires at her throat and wrists.

In fact, she was so stunning that both Walter Pidgeon and Turhan Bey couldn't understand why she wanted to meet film stars because she was more exotic than any of our glamour girls.

Esther Williams told me that until she met the Princess, she had never had a really accurate definition of the word "chic." But despite her "chic," the Princess chatted as animatedly as a 16-year-old American girl about movies.

The Prince, cousin to the King of Egypt, who is also an American movie fan, told me that impromptu parties are what he and the King both prefer, as a relief from tiresome state functions, and that they show movies almost every night in the palace and they are really better informed about films than many of us are.

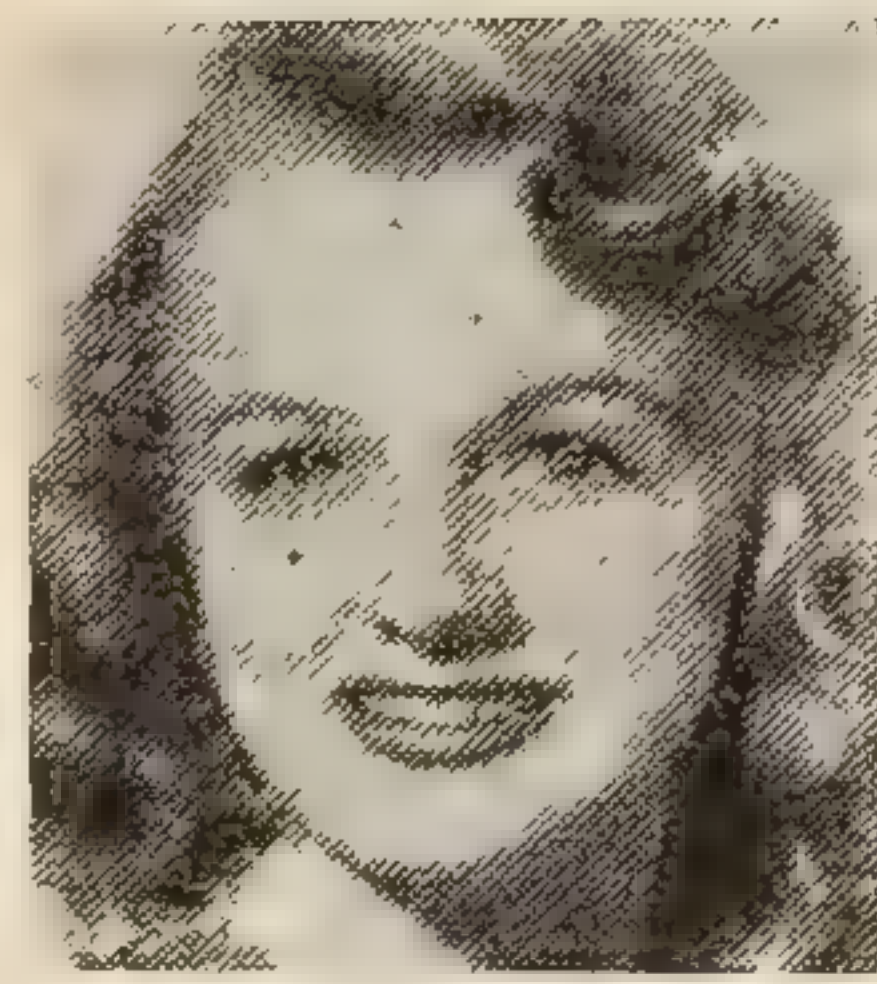
"You know why, Madame, don't you?" they both said when I remarked on how remarkably well-informed they were anent Hollywood doings. "It's because we read the motion picture magazines, particularly SCREENLAND."

I accused the Prince of just being gracious, but he carefully explained that our magazine—yours and mine—is sent to him each month from Paris, by his equerry, as soon as he receives it from New York. That's what I call being a Royal Fan!

WHEN it comes to giving an unusual luncheon party you can "Leave It To The Girls." My friends Martha Roundtree and Jean Wright, who produce the hit radio show of that name, asked me to join Constance Bennett, Binnie Barnes, Robin Chandler and Ann Rutherford on the "jury" for the show the first time it was televised. So, for a warm-up, we all had a "television" luncheon at Lucey's and then adjourned to the magnificent new Don Lee studios to put the show on the sight and sound roads.

But what was most surprising was that after we were all set, the curtain went up and there, in the radio audience, were more celebrities than there were on the stage. Watching us with impish looks on their faces were Vanessa Brown, George Brent, Charles Korvin, Ruth Warwick, Robert Cummings, Sonja Henie, Merle Oberon and Lucien Ballard, Arlene Dahl

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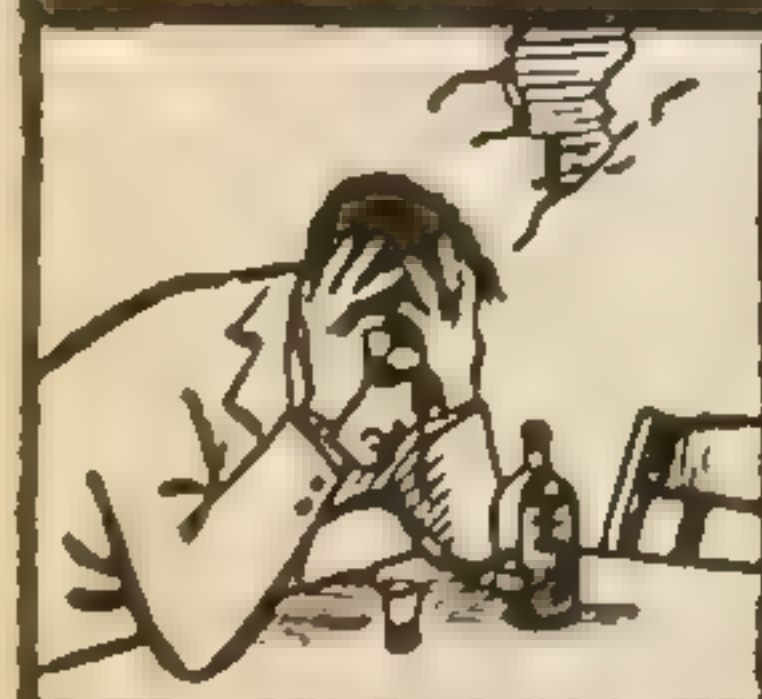
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You Will Bless the Day You Answered This Advertisement

and Jean Wright's handsome husband, Dr. Joseph Fields.

Sitting in the very first row, of all people, YAWNING—was—Joe E. Brown!

We were all afraid we'd break up, but actually the show, according to the studio went better than it ever has before.

The "Boys," however, can throw a party when they want to. Ten of them decided to give a "christening" party the other afternoon for M'Liss McClure, the lovely little dancer, who decided to change her name from Helen Smith before going further with her film career.

Her self-appointed "Godfathers" were Cesar Romero, Atwater Kent, Richard Webb, Michael North, Harry Crockett with such handsome newcomers to the screen as John Derek, and Clark Whetely.

M'Liss, who is a terrific cutie with the tiniest foot in Hollywood, was dressed in baby clothes and put in a fourteen-foot high chair, (which one of the godfathers had appropriated for the occasion). The handsomé benedicts all stood around at M'Liss' tiny feet and toasted her abundantly, although all M'Liss could have on her high perch was a bottle of milk.

ON A more serious plane was the picture exhibition party which I gave for the noted Peruvian artist, Mariano Soyer. Several years ago, Mariano did a portrait of my daughter, Cobina, Jr., a likeness of which I am very fond. Since then Mariano has "done" the portraits of such famous women as Ilsa Schiaparelli, Lady Mendl, Norma Shearer and many other noted movie beauties. But he had never had a Hollywood showing, so I turned my house into an art

gallery for one afternoon and invited a host of film folk to come, sip tea or cocktails and, for once, relax, while looking over the gallery of portraits.

Eleanor Powell and her husband, Glenn Ford, the Robert Cummings, Esther and Ben Gage, Billie Burke, Atwater Kent, the Earl of Warwick were just a few who agreed that this was one way to take art for comfort's sake.

I was recently invited to Alice Blackburn's home with Paramount's Andy Hervey, as co-host. It seems that Alice's lovely house stood in the way of the new Los Angeles Freeway and so it had to go—or rather be moved. Reconciled to the fact, Alice and Andy stated, "We'll give a house-moving party, then!" And this they did. While the house was on blocks and moving down the street they greeted their guests and entertained them en route.

Guests came in a variety of attire in order to help raise the roof. Doris Day wore blue jeans, Dorothy Lamour a peasant dress, Dottie's husband a yachting outfit, James Mitchell in a moving man's overalls and so on. Betty Hutton's husband, Ted Briskin, took movies of the proceedings with one of the 8-mm. cameras he invented and so we all were invited the following week to see a "movie of a movee!"

Next month I'll be back with more party news, including a terrific benefit circus party in which you'll find Van Johnson on a trapeze, Walter Pidgeon as a ring master, and Betty Grable as a bareback rider. It's all for charity, so come on with SCREENLAND and join the fun!

Turning Off The Heat

Continued from page 34

late in the warmly friendly atmosphere!"

Having any sort of a house to herself would represent a thrilling milestone to a little girl who grew up in a household with five brothers and sisters. They lived in the flat above their red brick grocery store, and if you've ever occupied a one-bathroom home with six other persons, two adults and four other children, you can imagine what a private tub and shower can mean to their sole owner and operator.

When Liz was living in New York on ten dollars a week while studying at the Alviene School of Drama, she lived in the smallest apartment since match covers replaced match boxes. In order to take down her hair at night, she had to stand in the hall, because there wasn't enough space for arms akimbo between her four walls. That's what the lady says.

Then, when she came to Hollywood, Liz expanded; she took a larger apartment, one in which you could have parked a jeep. It was built on two layers joined by a Lilliputian stairway, along which Liz had arranged miniature copper pots growing dwarfed plants. With a shoe horn she could entertain four guests simultaneously.

All of this should give you some idea

of what her house means to Elizabeth Scott. The background is enough to indicate what happiness would be possible if she were parked in a trailer camp with a mere forty square feet all her own. You will understand more fully when you see the house itself.

First of all, it stands high on a Hollywood hill, its handkerchief-sized patio (with one proud tree in the middle) affording a view of all the vast panorama of Los Angeles. Far to the west lies the ruffled golden shawl of the Pacific, carelessly cast down in a restless heap upon the grey-green shore. To the northwest arise the sand-colored, dreaming heads of the Coastal Range.

"I could build a platform four feet square in this tree, and be happy," is what Elizabeth has to say about her view.

The patio terminates at the middle level of a three-level house. On the middle level are the living quarters: a paneled, almost-square living room distinguished by a red brick fireplace in the west wall, and a maple-spindled stairway against the north wall. The upper level contains Elizabeth's bedroom with its shag rugs and canopied bed, and the lower level, reached through a trap door

and a lethally steep stairway leading down from the living room, consists of rumpus room (*with stone walls*), and a bunk bed which represents casual guest quarters.

When you visit Lizabeth's home for the first time, you will notice a number of fascinating things. Don't miss her collection of ceramic pixies. She now has seven. These tiny (*not more than four inches overall*) figures have round, laughing faces, heads covered by ruffled helmets, agile bodies clad in peplum-flared tunics, and skin-tight trousers terminating in turned up slippers—for all the world like a fairyland Dr. Denton sleeping suit. To keep just *one* pixie, to confide in him morning and night, guarantees that one's dream will come true.

"I'm taking no chances: I'm telling my dreams to an entire pixie band!" is Lizabeth's pixie-ish confession.

Notice the collection of books stuffed in the bookshelves. The well-worn volumes have traveled long physical distances with their owner, but even longer mental and spiritual miles. From Scranton, Pennsylvania's Capouse Avenue to Hollywood, California's upper Hollywood Boulevard is a trip of uncountable emotional miles; Lizabeth Scott has covered them in company of the world's great minds.

Be sure to stroll along the length of Lizabeth's head-high trinket shelves where she keeps her glass animal collection. She'll be delighted at your interest and will tell you the history of some of the items. There's a fragile glass ship with pale blue sails, full-rigged and iridescent with moonlight, that an airline pilot, who had served in the ETO, sent Lizabeth after seeing "You Came Along."

There's an upstanding kangaroo that Lizabeth herself picked up in a curio shop in—of all places—Missoula, Montana, when she was on tour with the Bankhead company of "Skin Of Our Teeth." There are Swedish glass elephants, Chinese glass lions, and American glass flamingos. There are mementos of every city in which Lizabeth has appeared, and souvenirs of every picture in which she has worked.

Of course, the rarest thing in Lizabeth's house is Lizabeth herself. If you have never seen her in person, but only on the screen, you're due for a big surprise. First of all, the sullen Miss Scott of films is strictly a mirage. The personal life Miss Scott is a tall, slim, vital, laughing girl whose nearest fictional image is Jo in Alcott's "Little Women."

Her most spectacular feature is her hair, as thick as jungle grass. Its color is like no other head of hair in Hollywood. Underneath the top layers which are too thick ever to be penetrated by sunlight, it is a caramel-taffy brown; on top where the fine, straight strands are constantly exposed to the sun (*Liz usually drives her convertible with top down*) it has been bleached to a glowing silver. Even her color pictures in magazines show Lizabeth as a golden blonde, but she is no such thing. She is topaz-platinum, and completely devastating.

While we are sitting yakking like mad, Lizabeth's telephone rings repeatedly. You'll love the way she answers. Be-

cause she has taken her dramatic training very seriously, her present speaking voice is a medium contralto; but when she approaches the telephone, all her training drops away and she says "Hello" in the very deep, highly expectant tone of a small boy who really isn't supposed to be answering the telephone, but who can't resist it.

If Lizabeth recognizes the voice on the wire, and if the caller is one of her intimate circle of friends, Lizabeth's tone will drop two or three more notes until she is talking in a cosy purr. If the caller is a business acquaintance, her accents rise several degrees and she becomes crisp, efficient, and almost formal. Perhaps her prettiest tone of voice is a bubbling, laughing tone which accompanies the order, "Come over at once! I have cokes on ice, I've just cut some wonderful cheese and crisped some crackers, and everything is wonderful. Come over and help me to enjoy my house!"

Although Lizabeth is constant hostess to small gatherings, her biggest party to date was almost as impromptu as her ordinary get-togethers. She entertained seven members of the Notre Dame football team after their victorious game against USC. That night there were guards sunk deep and happily into the vast expanses of Scott lounge chairs; there were tackles sitting on the floor in front of the fire; there were backfield men playing the phonograph, re-enacting portions of the game, and filling Scott ashtrays with the first cigarette stubs after

a long period of rigid football training.

Lizabeth, who comes from a deeply religious family (*one aunt is a nun, one uncle a priest*) is probably Notre Dame's most excitable, vociferous, and determined rooter.

The players who were Lizabeth's guests were mildly stunned to discover that she could detail to them every freakish football accident of the season; could reel off scores as if they were her best friends' telephone numbers, and even knew the specialties and graduation years of every player.

At midnight all the hors d'oeuvres (*fish, little pig sausages, stuffed celery, and cheese crackers*) had been devoured, so Lizabeth sent her maid down to an open-all-night market to buy three dozen eggs, a quart of cream, a gallon of milk, and half of a ready-cooked ham. With these provisions, Lizabeth and Edwina cooked breakfast at 2 a.m.

When you are a guest at Lizabeth Scott's, be sure to ask her about the time a strange sedan made a call at *chez* Scott. It's a wonderful story and Liz tells it very well.

She and a girl friend were chatting one evening, and Lizabeth was saying, "The only sound one can hear, high on this remote hill, is the occasional call of a night bird, the passing of a swift plane, and the crackling of our fire. It's impossible to imagine anything more peaceful, more isolated."

On cue there came a clanking roar, ending in a crash and a showering of glass.

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Lizabeth and her friend stared at one another with wide eyes. Then they leaped up and rushed to the back door. There, in the cement motor court, was a car that had slipped its brakes when abandoned by sightseers at Lookout Point, and had executed a two-point landing in the Scott backyard.

For two weeks after Lizabeth moved into her home, her courage failed her when she tried to shoot up the driveway, execute a hard left turn, and snort into the garage. Finally, taking herself sternly in hand, she set aside an entire afternoon and practiced ascending and descending the sharp ramp. She had only one mishap. To the extreme left as one comes out of the garage, there is a low cement retaining wall. During one of her left obliques, Liz hung up the bumper of her car on the retaining wall. It took two neighbors, a 225-pound gardener, and the under coat of chromium to separate bumper from cement abutment.

Since that time, Liz has emerged from her garage with her ears alerted. At the first faint sound of scraping, she stops and tries again.

Although Lizabeth loves her semi-solitude (*her trusty personal maid, Edwina, is never far away*) on the hillside, there are times when she yearns for the sound of a streetcar passing every twelve minutes. Most notable period was that when she was studying the script for Regal Films' "The Pitfall," her new picture in which she is co-starred with Dick Powell, and directed by Andre de Toth. Having completed "I Walk Alone" for Hal Wallis, to whom she is under contract, she was loaned for the de Toth picture.

"The Pitfall" is another in our current

series of hard-boiled, spine-chilling murder-dramas; while Lizabeth was memorizing her lines, she could hear unfamiliar rustlings about the house, unexplained footsteps descending the stairs, and could see from the tail of her eye scream-making shadows leaping along the walls.

Edwina, unindoctrinated by "The Pitfall," was inclined to be critical of Miss Scott's galloping nerves.

"All right, you just listen to this," said Lizabeth, and began to read the script. Five pages did it.

"You don't read that out loud to me, Miss Scott—not with the wind blowing," decreed Edwina. "And don't worry, I'll be right in the kitchen with a pair of fire tongs handy."

To Lizabeth Scott, her house has a definite personality. Sometimes the house is melancholy, sometimes it is merry. Sometimes it seems to stand on tiptoe to study its view with ardent curiosity; sometimes it cuddles in a somnolent, placid heap, content to turn its back on the world.

Lizabeth respects these moods and governs herself accordingly. Furthermore, she gives her house a birthday present and a Christmas present in honor of the seasons. The house's first birthday gift was new wall paper; for Christmas it received a walnut spinet.

In discussing her house, Lizabeth naïvely gives the impression that the house "just grewed." Charm, she hints tacitly, blooms as simply and naturally as geraniums around the doorstep. Of course, it isn't that easy; Lizabeth's house, like her career, is the result of work, thought, ingenuity, devotion, and talent.

It's the house that knack built.

A Man-Size Gift List

Continued from page 16

tical hunter or fisherman, that's another story.

"Do buy me, if you must, Argyle socks, for one thing. I can't own too many. I like them in all colors and all color combinations. I like books—all books. There's nothing wrong with a good book accompanied by a bottle of good rye." We'll say there isn't!

For the men who are just friends in your life, a book always gets you by in good order, particularly if you're keen enough to sense their particular interests and tastes in authors. Or a party or a small group for movies or theatre is a nice way of expressing Merry Christmas plus extra fun.

* * *

MARSHALL THOMPSON puts a deep and true interpretation on Christmas giving. From a two-page, hand-written letter, here are quotes:

"The material things that are given at Christmas are, supposedly, merely indications of love and friendship. There are many things that I could use or would like to have, but they are actually quite unimportant since I have most essentials to enjoy life. What I really want is happiness in the world for Christmas. What a wonderful gift it would be

to all to have peace throughout the world this Christmas. What a wonderful gift to have a happy, normal world again."

This is a great and generous wish that touches us all. Marshall reminds us, and none too soon, that in every family, circle of friends, office, school or community, there is opportunity and need for the helping effort for those less fortunate than ourselves within our country and abroad. And this is a very special kind of gift to yourself as well as others, because it is the gift with no compulsion other than a right conscience. So why not decide right now what your family, friends or club can do this Christmas as a special gift?

Quite unwittingly, our Hollywood boys expressed their wishes in a category of types, the practical, romantic and idealistic. Deciding the type of the male you have in mind may also help you in determining the type of gift best suited for him. Two parting thoughts on the boys—if the Big Boss is the problem, make the gift a joint remembrance from the office. The same thought applies to the teacher. Unless the lone gentleman is an intimate member of your family, or hopes to be, keep the gift impersonal.

What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About

Continued from page 21

only he can cook to specification. Two eggs, boiled two minutes and forty-seven seconds, crisp bacon, and toast all have to come off the stove at the same time and only he has been able to pull this off to his own satisfaction. It should be comforting news to Ava Gardner in case she decides he's the one she wants to marry on accounta she'll never have to worry about the culinary department.

This is real news. Claudette Colbert, who has been one of Hollywood's top money-making stars for years, has just treated herself to her first swimming pool. Quite a twist on the usual procedure in this town where people usually have a pool before they can really afford a bathtub.

When Betty Grable and Harry James invited the Dan Daileys to dinner at a Valley steak house they had no idea the place was going to catch on fire just after they'd been served their medium-rare New York cuts. With great aplomb and due regard for appetites, the Jameses and the Daileys filed out with their platters in hand and finished the dinner on the curb. Dan and Liz went out the next day and bought themselves a couple firemen's hats which they wore on their next dinner date with Betty and Harry.

Bill Eythe, whose sensationally amusing revue, "Lend An Ear," goes from the Hollywood stage to Broadway, spent an exhausting day rehearsing himself and the cast, went home with fond ideas of hitting the hay. But his Irish setter, Sheila, changed his plans. Around midnight she started having pups every half hour. The last of the litter of eleven saw the light of day just as the alarm clock rang, reminding Bill it was time to go back to the theatre.

Now they're really calling Bing Crosby "Legs." Since wearing short pants for "The Emperor Waltz" he apparently isn't bashful about showing his gambs. In "A Connecticut Yankee In King Arthur's Court," one of his costumes consists of burgundy colored tights with a matching tunic, velvet slippers, and a cap. Well, he always was an eccentric dresser.

Lex Barker, the handsome new Tarzan, almost spent the night in the jug. His 180-pound Newfoundland dog has a habit of wandering the streets without a leash. And in Hollywood there's a law agin' pcoches trotting around unless accompanied by people. It isn't that the dog is vicious, but his size scares the living daylight out of unsuspecting pedestrians who run into him. Lex paid a fifteen dollar fine and is trying to build a fence that's high enough to keep his pet at home.

June Haver, who has finished her role as Marilyn Miller in "Look For The Silver Lining," has taken a long vacation trip to Jackson Hole, Wyoming, and Canada. Her mother and a fancy set of

golf clubs went along. June and her ma have also opened their antique shop in Santa Monica.

Our editor, Lester Grady, spent a hectic two weeks in Hollywood visiting the studios and the stars. One evening during his stay, after we had spent a rather unprofitable but fun day at Hollywood Park, we joined him at Maggie Ettinger's for Irish stew and some very amusing stories which Dinah Shore and George Montgomery told about their fishing trip in Montana. It seems every time they went fishing it rained and the only bites they got were from mosquitoes.

When last heard from, Mr. G. was Super-Chiefing back to New York to rest up for next year's trip to movietown.

The Doug Fairbanks are off to Europe on an extended vacation. It's supposed to be a rest for Doug, who has been working much too hard, not just on his pictures but also on his other activities. During his so-called rest he'll have production conferences with J. Arthur Rank on his lavish film "Sir Launcelot" which starts in 1949. He'll investigate the activities of CARE, go to Amsterdam for Princess Juliana's coronation, attend the International Convention of the Association of United Nations in Paris and Geneva, then go to Italy to loaf. He and Mary Lee will be back in Hollywood the latter part of November.

Tallulah Bankhead has had another fabulous success here in the play "Private Lives" and, as usual, Hollywood flocked to the Biltmore Theatre to see her. Night we were there we saw Doris Day with Michael North, Mickey Rooney with starlet M'liss McClure, the Gene Kellys, Mildred Natwick, and a whole flock more. The one and only Tallu has a new pet, a love-bird named Gaylord, who likes to occasionally dips his beak in any kind of liquid refreshment that happens to be around.

Jimmy Stewart on the set of "You Gotta Stay Happy" at U-I was telling about his new dog, a Beagle hound, which he has named Harvey—for two reasons. One is, of course, because Jimmy has played the lead in the play of the same name several times. The other reason—Beagles are supposed to hunt rabbits. "Harvey will have none of it," says Jimmy. "He thinks it's silly and too much work." But Harvey does like the camera. A photog was out taking some pictures of Jimmy and at the pop of the first flashbulb the hound came from nowhere and landed on Jimmy's lap, insisted on being in every picture.

Lucille Ball, who is in RKO's "Interference," a story of professional football, was asked how come she happened to be in a football movie. She cracked back, "I've had plenty of experience. I've been intercepting passes for a long time." Lucy is having a "ball" with her gang out in



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Mischa Elman, Columbia boss Harry
Cohn, Lucy and Desi and several other
friends get together for a session of old-
fashioned square dancing, which is be-
coming the rage around sophisticated
Hollywood. They serve cokes, sandwiches
and coffee while they're resting from
swinging partners.

Dick Widmark, that delightful menace,
got an awful scare when his wife called
him at the studio to tell him their three-
year-old daughter, Ann, had decided she
could fly and promptly took off in a dive
from the top of her toy chest. Ann landed
on her head and bent but didn't break her
collar-bone. Needless to say, the young
lady has been grounded by her mother and
father.

Had dinner with my pet, Betty Hut-
ton, shortly after she returned from her
personal appearances in San Francisco.
Betty did six and seven shows daily and
was just beginning to get her voice back.
She looked but stunning in a black satin
suit trimmed in passementerie and a
black hat with a white wing across the
crown. Betty cut short her p.a. tour in
order to accept an offer to appear at the
Palladium in London, where I bet she
knocks 'em dead.

There certainly was a gang of celebs
at Chasens that night: Petey Lawford,
Mickey Rooney, Barbara Bel Geddes and
Carl Schreuer, Burns and Allen, Eddie
O'Brien and Olga San Juan, Bob Ryan,
Audrey Totter, wearing a bright red
serape around her shoulders, with her
new boy friend, Charles Grayson—the
writer. Just as we were leaving we had
a nice chat with Penny Singleton and
Bob Sparks, who had just come from the
"Blondie" radio show. Nice people!

A pal from New York tells me Hank
Fonda's learning more about the Navy
since playing the title role in "Mr. Rob-
erts" than he did during three years in the
Navy. Sailors are writing him from all
over the world, telling him their problems
and asking him to be their Mr. Anthony.
Hank says he wishes he *did* know as much
as "Mister Roberts" and writes the gobs
to take up their headaches with their
chaplains. Everybody's so delighted with
Hank's terrific success on the New York
stage, but they kinda wish he'd come back
—he's missed around Hollywood.

The entire publicity department at
20th Century-Fox is in love with the
Italian star, Valentina Cortese, who is as
beautiful as she is charming. She has
fairly light hair, skin like alabaster, and
large grey eyes. She has a delightful
accent, but is concentrating on learning
English as fast as possible. Everyone at
the studio is anxious to help her learn
and they're teaching her plenty of Ameri-
can slang, just for the heck of it. She's
appeared in seventeen Italian films, but
won't do a picture here until she gets
her accent whipped.

Another newcomer to the screen is

young Jimmie Curtis, under contract to
U-I. He's twenty-one, was in the Navy
for five years, and is the most thrilled
young man in Hollywood. Not so long
ago he was one of the crowd outside the
Brooklyn theatre which premiered "An-
other Part Of The Forest." Trying to get
a close gander at Ann Blyth, he was
elbowed aside by a cop. Three weeks
later he had his first date with Annie.

Barbara Bebe Lyon, beautiful young
daughter of Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon,
has made an auspicious start toward a pic-
ture career of her own—she's appearing in
plays at Hollywood's famous little theatre,
the Bliss-Hayden. This makes a 100%
score for the family. Bebe and Ben, of
course, were famous stars and Barbara's
brother, Richard, has been in pictures for
several years.

We spent a coupla hours with Cornel
Wilde and Pat Knight the other Sunday.
They, as you know, are doing their first
picture together for Columbia. Called,
appropriately, "The Lovers." Pat and
Cornel seem *tres, tres* happy these days,
in spite of the fact that Cornel suffered
a back injury which requires him to
wear practically a steel corset. He may
have to have an operation on it (*his
back, not the corset*). They're a mighty
pretty couple.

Linda Darnell is a godmother for the
first time. Her goddaughter is Sharon
Nelson, daughter of Fred Nelson who's
an electrical worker at 20th. Nelson, a
former Marine major, is one of Linda's
most ardent admirers. Miss D. has
taken up modeling and is doing a bust of
her six-months-old daughter, Lola. Linda
says it's really a "bust" because there's
not much character in the face of a baby
at that age.

Mel Dinelli, who cooks spaghetti as su-
perbly as he writes suspense stories, had a
gang down to his Malibu Beach house for
some dreamy food and fun. Mel wrote the
scarey "Spiral Staircase" and the new pic-
ture which he authored, "The Window," is
just as scary. In the gang—two produc-
ers, Harriet Parsons and Frederick Ull-
man; three writers—DeWitt Bodeen, Mu-
riel Roy Bolton, whose book "The Golden
Porcupine" is fascinating, Aileen Leslie
who writes the "Date With Judy" show.
Joan Crawford, looking but wonderful in
a Kelly green silk shantung trimmed with
gold buttons, made herself very popular
with the host by washing all the dishes.
Says she's not afraid of dishpan hands—
she's used to doing dishes at home on
cook's day off. Needless to say, most of the
men were clustered about the glamorous
Joan most of the evening. She's a swell gal.

Jeanne Crain is thrilled to pieces about
her latest picture, "The Fan," originally
slated for Gene Tierney. Gene bowed
out because of approaching motherhood
and the little Crain girl stepped in gladly.
It's too bad one of my favorite actors,
George Leight, had to pass up a fat role
in "The Fan" because of an operation.

Reggie Gardner's 83-year-old mother,
Henrietta, is in Hollywood to visit her

amusing son. She caught a Dutch freighter from England, enjoyed every minute of the six weeks it took to arrive here. Her only worry, she tells Reggie, is that she's discovered two grey hairs in her natural auburn locks. At 83 yet! Reggie's busy painting again—but this time it's his beautiful wife Nadia's bedroom. From canvas to plaster, he sez.

Ed O'Brien has finally fulfilled a long-time wistful wish. He is the proud owner of a boat. Even though it's only twelve feet long and only good for sailing short hauls, Ed's a happy guy. He's christened it the San Juan, after you know who.

Hollywood is busy yakking about how sensational Barbara Stanwyck is in Paramount's Hal Wallis picture, "Sorry, Wrong Number." Barbara's way up on the ten most popular stars list again and it couldn't happen to a better actress or a nicer gal.

Shelley Winters, who is a delightfully wacky gal with a well developed sense of humor, got her wish—temporarily—to be in "Criss Cross" at U-I. She pulled every wire she could to get a part in the pic and when she didn't succeed she went down to the Los Angeles Union Station one night when the company was shooting there and walked through the scene as an extra. You won't see her, though, because the studio felt it might hurt her career. Anyway, she had fun doing it.

Hobart Cavanaugh, the character actor, celebrated his 35th wedding anniversary on the set of "Three Wives" at Twentieth Century-Fox, and was congratulated by the entire company. That's a long time to be married—in any section of the country.

And Alan Young, who gets a swell part in the new Clifton Webb picture, "Mr. Belvedere Goes To College," sold his gift shop in the Valley to finance a new television show which he's all excited about.

Vic Mature, who's a very friendly guy, got a list of the entire crew on "Interference," bought a bunch of surplus Army dog tags and had their names stamped on them. He explained as he passed them out to the fellows that he'd like them to wear 'em so he'd get acquainted and be able to call them by their first names.

Wait until you see that cute little gal, Lora Lee Michel, in "Good Sam." We had a short talk with her after the preview and if she's handled properly I wouldn't be surprised if she'd turn into another Shirley Temple.

That's about all now, but next month I'll have a report on what's doing at La Jolla Playhouse, Lakes Tahoe and Arrowhead, and the welcome home-birthday party for Louella Parsons, given on her return from Europe.

Don't Just Dream—Do It!

Continued from page 38

Cohn, would have as soon parted with him as with—Harry Cohn! Glenn's that much a film asset.

The completed Ford pictures you will presently see in Technicolor give Glenn brilliantly different roles: in "The Man From Colorado" he plays the most vicious type of hanging judge—Bill Holden being the "hero;" in "Return Of October" he is a university college professor interested in the case of a young lady (newcomer Terry Moore), who believes that her Uncle Willie has returned to earth in the form of a racehorse. And finally, in "The Loves Of Carmen," he plays to Rita Hayworth, in a gaudy, Latin way, what he was to her in "Gilda."

Three such spectacular parts in a row, for an actor, are pretty much like wearing a diamond, an emerald and a ruby on one hand. It takes a good man! And Glenn's home life, besides deep values underneath, gleams equally as colorful and unordinary. He is married to charming Eleanor Powell, who gave up her world-famous dancing career, and he is, because of his stage and screen work, able to sing bedtime stories and do varied impersonations for three-year-old Peter. He's boss in his own home, which the Fords bought from Warners' music master, Max Steiner, because it was planned to house a child. Boss enough, for example, to look at a knock-your-eye-out crimson-and-gold Chinese music room

and say, "Leave the decorations. I'll use it for a game room."

If this seems to you the picture of a young man who has what he wants in life—is able to enjoy both any whim and the pleasure of being useful to others—remember, as his wife likes to point out, that all Glenn is, does, gives or enjoys is secondary to acting. Acting gives him freedom as to way of life because he gives himself to acting. He has no use for people who say, "Make your work secondary, just a job; enjoy the 'larger' things of life."

His answer is, "You'll find yourself without time, money or self-confidence to do or enjoy the 'larger' things." Never dull, hating stuffiness, in fact shedding it like a canvas-back does water when it's around him, his real secret is that he never indulged in dreams. What he wanted to do he did.

Glenn's family moved from Canada to Santa Monica, California, when he was a small boy. He pushed a violin bow, sturdily, at his mother's wish. As soon as practice was over, he slipped out of the house to do odd jobs—most of which Mr. and Mrs. Ford never heard of—on Venice and Ocean Park amusement piers. His newspaper route, favorite work of most industrious boys, helped account for those hours out. Errands, helping set up tents, acting as pin-boy for bowling added extra money but did not turn

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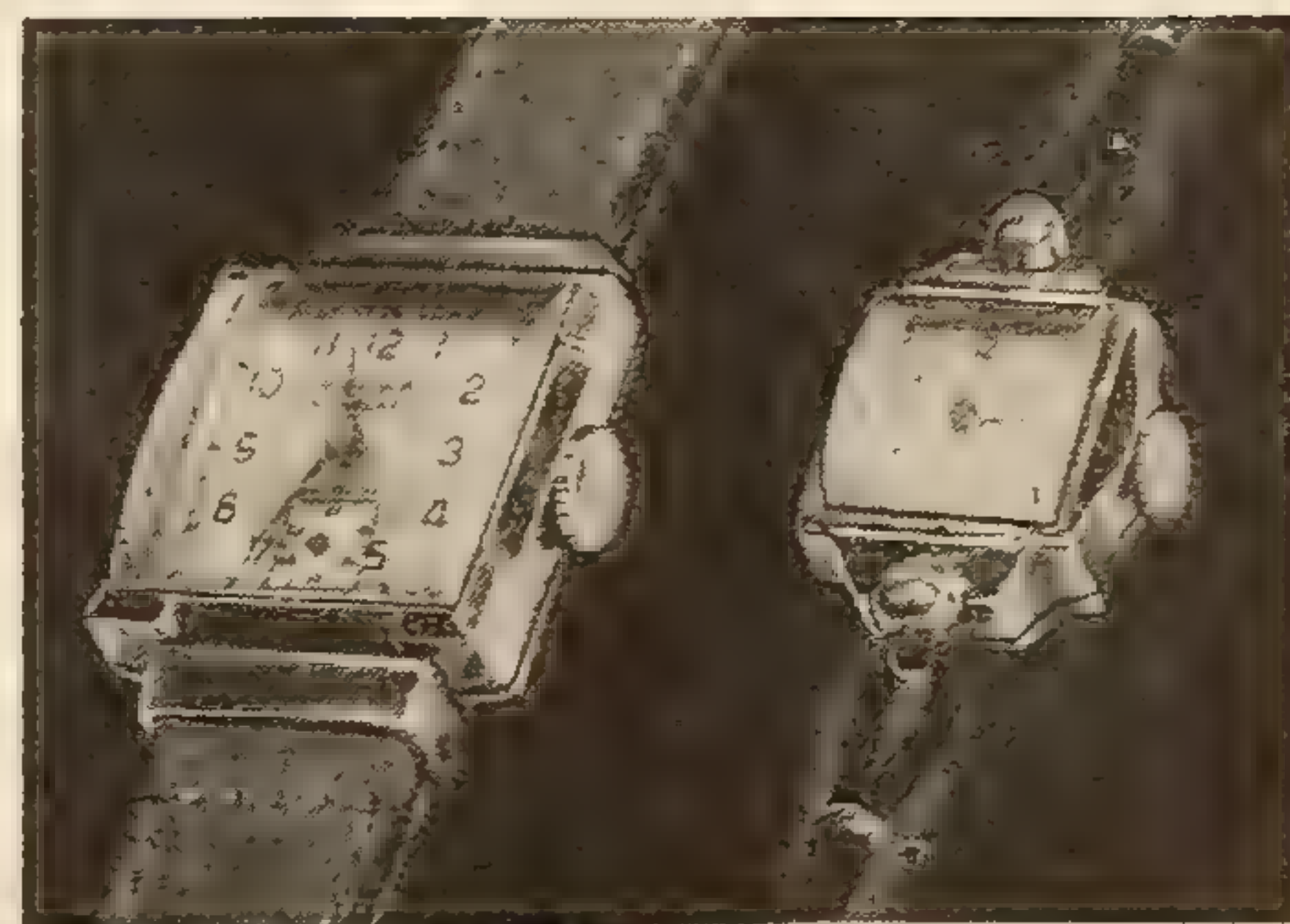
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his mind entirely toward carnival work.

Glenn knew what he wanted—a long first step toward success in any line. It starts you early, if you don't just dream. Politely and earnestly executing his violin lessons to please his mother, the dark-haired boy knew violin wouldn't be his life. On the amusement piers he didn't loiter after work to gape at bright lights or be caught up in the rhythm of holiday chatter. He hurried home, with purpose thoroughly enjoyed. The money he earned went into books of plays, costumes, and tools and lumber to build backyard stages—anything to help learn and practice theatre.

That single-minded boy, darting at so many opportunities, is an incomplete, surface picture. He had a deeper quality, understood today. Glenn's personality, seemingly quicksilver and impulsive on the screen, and engaging off-screen, holds steadiness. In his grown-up life that steadiness has won and keeps Eleanor.

Someone has said that genius is capacity to work hard; Glenn waited hard—and so built his professional start.

Homer Curran, at Los Angeles' Belasco Theatre, was then that city's leading theatrical man. He produced the West Coast versions of New York hits. The papers told about him, often.

An average of three times a week, all that post-high school winter, Glenn arrived at Curran's office, inside The Belasco, at 10:30 a.m. Ten-thirty was the time because Glenn wanted to be waiting in the office's outer room when Curran came in at eleven. The visit was only three times a week because round trip fare from Santa Monica was sixty cents—important to a boy working at odd jobs the other four days.

Glenn's waiting, like everything about him, was active.

"At first," he told the writer, "I would answer questioners by saying I was there 'to meet someone.'" But he smiled at Curran, who courteously smiled back. Glenn would then make himself as small as possible, sometimes wandering into the dark theatre, to which he had already gained entry by going to Curran's waiting room. He caught more than one rehearsal, sitting eagerly but quietly. But he was always outside Curran's inner door when the producer-manager came out.

Glenn's "Good-morning, Mr. Curran," "Good evening, Mr. Curran" or "Good night, Mr. Curran," finally brought from the manager an interested, "Whom do you wait for here time after time?"

Glenn answered, "You, sir." Curran asked why and received a prompt answer, "I want to learn acting."

"Mr. Curran only laughed, pleasantly," Glenn remembers. "I didn't bother him but kept on coming. I saw a good many Los Angeles versions of New York hits by the simple process of retreating into the last row balcony and waiting instead of leaving the theatre."

A sort of fixture, no one paid much attention to him, but waiting became definite action when he learned that Herman Shumlin, who had staged "The Children's Hour" in New York, was coming west to re-stage it. Glenn had already read the play and now spent hours learning the grocer boy's three lines.

He won the part, he confesses, by one of those prodigious boy lies that help in a pinch—if the boy can make good on the quick promise. He had gone to Curran, asking an introduction to Shumlin to "read" the three lines.

Curran said, "That part? You really want to learn acting, don't you?"

Glenn said, "Yes, sir. I'm going to."

Curran grinned, sent him to Shumlin.

The New York stage director listened and said abruptly, "Are you by any chance a stage manager?"

Glenn lit up in pleased, faked surprise. "Yes, sir. I'm a good stage manager."

Glenn went back to Curran: "Thanks. I'm not only going to play that part, I'm assistant stage manager."

"I know," Curran smiled gently. "That bit is part of the assistant stage manager's duties."

Glenn's youthful decision as to what he must do—and working rather than dreaming—paid off when he took time out for the war. He chose the Marines. With audience friends already won, he returned to be starred—one, two, like that—opposite Hollywood's most different leading ladies, Bette Davis ("A Stolen Life") and Rita Hayworth ("Gilda"). Something in Glenn's character, perhaps the feeling he inspired that he would go on and on, in things personal as well as professional, won him his best break of all, his real-life leading lady.

Eleanor Powell, Mrs. Ford, is a much warmer-looking person than you might think from having watched the cool precision of her dancing. She has a sunny glow, believes in people and glows twice as brightly when talking about Glenn.

Eleanor's mother worked as cashier and waitress in restaurants in Springfield, Massachusetts, to give her tall, self-conscious daughter dancing lessons, and Eleanor continued because it's her nature to do things well, and because the pair—her father died when she was quite small—needed money. Like most dancers, Eleanor regarded dramatic acting as a superior profession, and, unlike most, she is gifted with a sure eye for theatrical ability. Dan Dailey, Dennis Morgan and Reginald Owen are stars she "talked her head off" for when they needed breaks. In many such cases, she hasn't bothered to let the beneficiary know!

Eleanor became interested in Glenn when she saw him on the screen in "Martin Eden," and told herself, "A fine actor. There's nothing he couldn't play." After seeing him in "Desperadoes" and "Destroyer," his last picture before reporting to the Marines, she mentioned him to Pat O'Brien, who caught a tone in her voice he thought more than professional admiration—at least a promise of more. Pat contrived a meeting, and by the time Glenn went to San Diego for training, the two were married.

Eleanor's love is something very special and highly dramatic, but she doesn't seem to realize fully its drama. She spoke quite simply of what happened the week Glenn reported to San Diego. She turned down a fabulous seven-year renewal of her MGM contract. Next day she received a telegram from New York's Music Hall, which wanted to build around

her a "Marilyn Miller" ballet prologue—four weeks at \$10,000 a week. She wired "No" without hesitation.

At home, recently, she was surprised at my expression, when I heard that, and explained: "I had no decision to make. If I accepted and went to New York, and he was sent overseas quickly and was killed, what would I have—\$40,000 that would stare me in the face the rest of my life."

Eleanor said something else, spoken so naturally it took the breath away: "He has lived up to every faith I had in him." She surrounds Glenn with cushioning, because she believes he still has heights to climb. "He is good," she says,

meaning his character. "When he plays a wicked role, like the terrible judge in 'The Man From Colorado,' he comes home shaken." She lets him go upstairs silently, stay by himself an hour. "When he comes down, he is all smiles, and doesn't mention the day's work at dinner." He never sees a bill or okays a household detail. Home to him is a place where he loves Eleanor and Peter, and friends come to see them.

Eleanor's devotion to Glenn is based in part on her deep respect for him. He was winning it, from some woman in the future, when he put in practice, about the work he wanted to do, the maxim, "Don't just dream—do it."

Shake Hands With THE POO!

Continued from page 43

successful in her motion picture career.

Bedelia is cast in a picture that is made in New York, so she is out of Hollywood for three months. A week before she returns, *Ambrosia* is cast in an epic being filmed in Arizona and she is away for three months. A week before she returns, *Bedelia* is cast in an epic requiring her to work until midnight for several weeks. *Ambrosia* is promptly cast in a picture demanding her presence at the studio at 5:30 a.m. each day.

Puzzle: When are the girls going to get together?

I know that I have lost dozens of incipient friendships simply because I was living according to one schedule and my tentative friend was living according to another.

I think that most girls will agree that many friendships depend upon constant renewal to have meaning. One's best friend is frequently the girl with whom one saw a movie last night.

All of which, in a rather roundabout way, brings me to *The Poo*. If I didn't see Jannie for five years, the instant we did get together she and I would dive into fifty feet of conversation and not come to the surface for three hours. Our friendship is not based upon propinquity, but upon some secret alchemy of personality. She is very important to me, and I believe that I am important to her. I think that each of us supplies some intangible property that the other lacks, each of us is renewed and refreshed by the presence of the other. I believe that every life relationship to be lasting and to be satisfactory must contain this nebulous Something.

I had heard about *The Poo* and Lou (Louis Busch, the gifted arranger and composer) long before I met either of them. My husband, Ben Gage, had known Lou for, conservatively speaking, five thousand years. After this prehistoric friendship in the early days of radio, both men found themselves in uniform making with the feet at Santa Ana.

Every time I saw Ben (which was every time he could wangle a weekend pass) I would hear all about Lou Busch and this mouse to whom he was married.

"We'll all have to get together sometime soon," Ben would say. "I'll try to

make a deal the next time both of us get off the base at the same time."

Came the day, after several hundred threats, when we actually met as a foursome for dinner. I took one look at Janet Blair and gulped, "You're MUCH prettier in person—what's wrong with the photographer?" and she almost duplicated my statement. Naturally we became friends on the instant.

In addition to owning a fantastically beautiful face, *The Poo* has one of the most beautiful figures in the world. She is one of the few girls I know who looks stunning in slacks. As if this weren't enough indulgence from Nature, who is notoriously niggardly, *The Poo* has an amazing voice. I will never forget my reaction the first time I ever heard her hit the rafters with a clear, high, bouncing note: "All that volume and timbre from so tiny a source!"

However, my ultimate admiration is reserved, not for the attributes with which *The Poo* was born, but for what she has done, is doing, and plans to do in the future with her endowments. She is one of the most ambitious girls I have ever known. Not pushing, I don't mean that. Not looking to someone else to advance her opportunities. But capable of driving herself to higher and higher

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(Set B.) Men Stars. Tyrone Power, Henry Fonda, Robert Mitchum, Humphrey Bogart, Rory Calhoun, Gary Cooper, Bing Crosby, Tom Drake, Errol Flynn, Glenn Ford, Alan Ladd, Burt Lancaster, Guy Madison, Larry Parks, Robert Taylor, Cornel Wilde.

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(Set D.) Pin-ups. Rita Hayworth, Esther Williams, Betty Grable, Lynn Bari, Marie Wilson, Ann Blythe, Gloria Grahame, Brenda Joyce, Yvonne De Carlo, Gloria De Haven, Cathy Downs, Dale Evans, Jeanne Crain, Ava Gardner, Susan Hayward, Paula Drew.

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goals. She is a perfectionist in judging herself. She *needs* to feel at the end of each week that she has improved her capacities as a performer and as a person over the previous week.

I've known plenty of girls with far less natural talent than Jannie, who simply let themselves go to pieces while waiting for sheer luck to present what they were too lazy to seek themselves. Not *The Poo*. She is in there every minute, learning new dance steps, studying music and voice, being coached in speech management, taking dramatic lessons.

In a room full of people she is an entranced listener. If *The Poo* ever spent an evening with an arctic explorer, a brain surgeon, a Fuller Brush man, and a costume designer, Jannie would leave in possession of information as to what should be taken for scientific investigation to the South Pole, how to do a trepan, how to overcome an irate housewife's sales resistance on Monday morning, and why Elizabethan court ladies wore starched lace collars. S'fact.

The Poo is good for me because, having learned that one of the first principles in swimming is relaxation, I'm inclined to relax all over in every direction. *The Poo* fires my ambition, makes me arise with out-thrust jaw and announce, "I'm going to work even harder than usual today on my diction, vocal, and drama lessons."

I hope the day comes when I shall sit in a spellbound audience and watch Janet Blair claim an Oscar. Oddly enough, I don't aspire to winning an Oscar. Of course, it would be nice, but I'll probably never get the roles which earn Oscars, and I don't care. What I DO care about with all my soul is seeing *The Poo* carry home a Golden Guy. She has the talent, has the dramatic drive and all she needs is the right part.

Another of *The Poo's* characteristics which I greatly admire is her courage. She has enough to build a picket fence from here to Mars. As this is written *The Poo* has just concluded her contract with her studio. For seven long years she cheerfully accepted inferior parts (*she had only two that gave her any chance at all to showcase her talent; "My Sister Eileen" and "Stars And Spars"*) hoping month after month that she would be handed a prize role. She was promised high-powered scripts repeatedly, but nothing came of the promises. Finally, when the time was running out, Jannie was offered a new contract at double her present salary. Verbally, she was promised all sorts of good roles.

Money is important to each of us, let's face it. *The Poo* could have accepted her new contract for seven more years, banked her check each week, and despite the outstretched hand of the income tax collector, could have saved a little, could have lived comfortably. (*Lou is the family breadwinner, of course, but The Poo is proud of her ability to bring home a paycheck, too.*)

The Poo quietly turned down her studio's offer with the explanation that she might be making a financial mistake, but felt she owed it to her training and eagerness for progress to strike out on her own. As soon as news of her decision grapevined around town, she was quietly

offered a series of fine pictures. I don't think that I, personally, would have had the courage required to say "No" to a juicy contract and to set out on a fresh attempt to conquer.

Because I think of Jannie as my younger sister, I like to tease her. No matter what sort of stale joke I play on her, she comes back shining-eyed for more. Naturally, I don't make life too tough for her, but once in awhile Ben and I cook up a gag. Since *The Poo* is basically sweet and naive, we dream up a shaggy dog story that has no point at all, then tell it to her and laugh like crazy at the tag line. Because *The Poo* is winsomely eager to be agreeable, she too laughs like mad with us at these pointless stories, suspecting some hidden meaning which she doesn't understand. When we say, fiends that we are, "Honey, there was no point to that yarn, we were just ribbing you," she is irked, then embarrassed, then restored to good nature.

Undoubtedly, she has the best disposition in the world. This is a lucky thing because she lives in a mad household. When I was there one afternoon, the maid telephoned and asked to speak to Lou. Jannie, only mildly surprised to hear from her maid on the maid's afternoon off, explained that Lou was at the broadcasting station and wouldn't be home until later. "Have him call me when he returns," the maid said. "I bet on a horse and I want to know whether I have to report it on my income tax or not. The horse came in and paid \$35.00."

On another occasion *The Poo* was giving a cocktail party when her apartment was invaded by two workmen sent by the owner to make repairs. Undaunted, Jannie showed them what work had to be done and when they had finished, they were invited to join the party. They did and obviously had a wonderful time.

When the Busches give one of their informal evening parties, they usually invite as many guests as there are chairs, less one. That one spot is reserved for their cat who is about the size of a well-fed fox, has the grandeur of Sydney Greenstreet, and the ability to sleep through an atomic bombing. It's true that my cocker spaniel is now answering me back; Tony, official Busch cat, doesn't even wait for one to address him, he reads one's mind in advance. What Tony finds in *The Poo's* mind must be ultra-special, because he adores her. As long as Tony is in the room, *The Poo* will never need a Winchester for protection.

Just as cooking is insipid without spice, so a friendship must be flavored by some differences of opinion. Womanlike, *The Poo* and I disagree about that basic topic of feminine conversation, clothing.

When we get together, after not having seen one another for several weeks, I am always bowled over by *The Poo's* good looks and spectacular grooming. What clothes that gal wears and how she wears them!

Severely I demand, "How much did you pay for that suit and where did you get it?"

When she tells me, I always close my eyes, clap my forehead, and gasp in horror. I lecture her on the merits of thrift. She merely beams at me, saying, when I have run out of rhetoric, "I'm

glad you like it, honey. I didn't pay too much for it, really. I'll still have it in perfect condition six years from now."

And she will. Some of her most glance-getting outfits were purchased and assembled before the War.

The point is that our clothes theories are exactly opposite. I dote on bargains. I would rather have twelve outfits for the price *The Poo* would pay for three, and I would like to keep them only one-fourth as long as she keeps her things.

Of course, I'm hard on clothes. Once I'm dressed, I forget what I'm wearing and enjoy myself as much as if I were done up in blue jeans. Not long ago I modeled for a gown manufacturer and afterward he asked me to select a gown from his stock for free. Ah, that's for me. I chose a bouffant white net number, then I added a clump of French silk cabbage roses at the bodice and on the skirt and wore it to one of the swankiest Hollywood parties of the season.

During the evening (*I had stopped at a table to talk with some friends whom I hadn't seen all evening and had forgotten to protect my huge skirt*), someone stepped on the lower flounce and tore it. If I had paid a *Miss Poo* price for that gown I would have been heartsick; as it

was I could sing out with true graciousness and real honesty, "Don't give it another thought. I don't mind in the least."

When I point with pride to these incidents and attempt to steer *The Poo* into similar behavior, she merely smiles and says, "You get a kick out of bargains. I get a kick out of being able to buy the best label in town."

In the matter of gifts, *The Poo* is also lavish. Some of the most beautiful Christmas gifts I have ever received have come from the Busches, one being a sterling silver seashell bonbon dish which is so exquisite that guests cannot refrain from awestruck comment.

Because our own marriage is so happy, it makes Ben's and my life doubly rich to have found another couple equally blessed, equally devoted and understanding.

Finally, I admire Janet Blair and I'm proud to possess her friendship because she is a great gentlewoman. Her instincts are kindly, her impulses are generous, and her entire approach to life is constructive.

To be a friend, one must have a loving heart, and that quality *The Poo* expresses in everything she does.

Just Call Her THE GREATEST!

Continued from page 42

the Gage's, *The Tallest* and *The Greatest* and they were calling us, Lou and *The Poo*.

It's true that *The Greatest* is a blue-ribbon athlete and that her sportsmanship is also of championship calibre. It's true that she has one of the best figures and loveliest faces in Hollywood, a town noted for its physiques and its physiognomies.

But, how many people realize that her ears are the prettiest in the world, that her wit is widely quoted, that she is one of the best mimics I have ever watched, that her religious faith is as much a daily source of strength and comfort as the sunlight, and that her generosity is like that of the earth itself?

I shall never forget a crazy incident that occurred during the War when Esther and I accompanied Ben and Louis on an Army camp appearance. The audience learned that Esther was in the wings and began to yell for her. "What shall I do?" demanded Esther. After all, she is not a dancer, she is not a lady emcee, she is only now taking vocal lessons. She was uncertain as to how successful she would be in front of a microphone.

But she strolled out on the stage anyhow, wearing that pleased, faintly amazed little-girl expression which is typical of her.

"Well, boys, what do you want me to do?" she inquired, shrugging.

Someone yelled, "Sing;" someone yelled, "Dance;" someone shouted, "Just stand there and smile, baby!" someone in the front row, an obnoxious smarty, called out, "Are those falsies?"

Answered Esther, "My eyelashes are my own. I wear artificial eyelashes only before the camera."

Then she added, "Why don't we flood the joint so I can go into my act?"

The upshot of it was that Esther was invited back the following week simply to walk through the hospital wards and talk to the boys. It was obvious that she could turn aside rudeness with wit, and that she could inspire good-natured fun.

The boys in the hospital wards soon discovered that Esther could mimic everyone she met from the C.O. to Mickey Rooney. She possessed a repertoire of delightful, innocent jokes, and her approach to the men, both ill and not so ill, was friendly but dignified, sisterly but faintly reserved.

I was talking to Esther's mother one day, and Mrs. Williams said, smiling, "Esther has always been a gay spot in our family. There were seven of us at our table, sometimes a frugally set table, but we couldn't have had more fun around a banquet board. Esther always kept us in stitches. Sometimes I think that when God gave us Esther, He said in effect, 'And here is a child just for laughs.'"

I once said to Esther, "Why did you decide to make swimming a career?" She looked vaguely surprised and answered, "I don't think I decided that, actually. I just decided that because I loved to swim, I would be the greatest swimmer in my class. The class kept enlarging, first at school and then in competition, and I kept working to keep in the lead."

I said, "What about this: when you were going to enter a contest, didn't you get *The Buck*?" (*This is a term I have borrowed from my husband and it refers to "Buck Fever" or the excitement which makes a deer hunter's aim wobbly.*)

The Greatest regarded me with quiet

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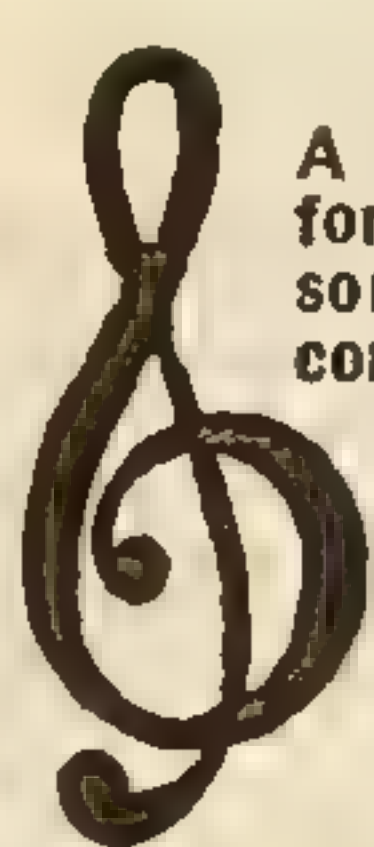
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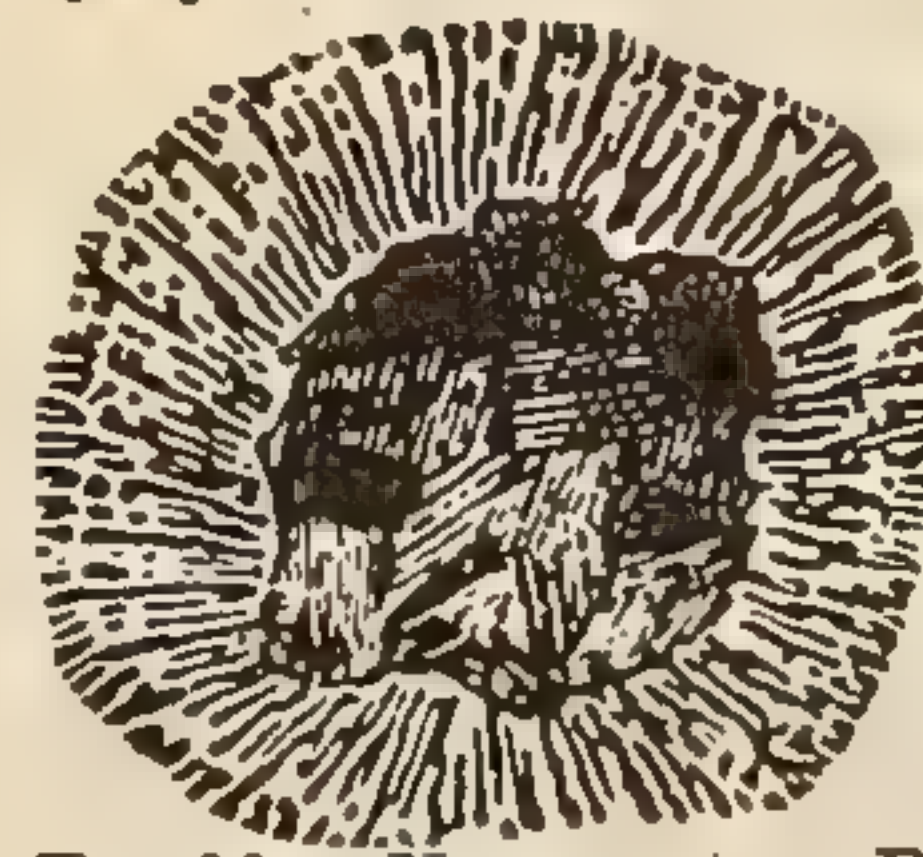
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surprise and stated matter-of-factly:

"Oh, no. I didn't get nervous. I simply thought, 'Here we go again—I've got to win,' and that was all there was to it. I didn't tighten up. I just settled down."

She just settled down! How do you like that? I suppose the reason this simple logic flabbergasts me is that I'm the fiddle-string type. I'm tense and nervous, all of a twitch before a picture scene, or a band appearance, or a radio show. Afterward I relive the entire performance, questioning everything I have done, imagining ways in which I could have improved my act. This is rough on sound sleep.

When I first asked Esther for her secret of relaxation, she was stretched full-length on the floor of my apartment living room, stroking Tony, our cat.

"It's perfectly simple," she insisted. "You just let go. You float on the assurance that everything is all right, just as you float on water. Like this."

She leaned back and Tony climbed on her stomach and formed himself into an over-sized caterpillar. I went on talking, trying to analyze my own inability to relax. After thirty or forty seconds of conversation, I ended a sentence with the query, "Don't you think so?"

Esther was asleep. In mid-afternoon, on my living room floor, despite my yak-yak and the weight of Tony on her mid-section, *The Greatest* had dozed off. Something died in me that moment—my hope that I could ever attain even a fraction of the poise possessed by this remarkable creature.

Although I am no psychologist, I have sometimes wondered if part of *The Greatest's* tact and trustworthiness doesn't spring from her poise. Most of it is based on her strong ethical sense, of course, but a bit rests on the fact that Esther doesn't have to gossip to be entertaining. I have confided my deepest secrets to her and not once, about anything either great or small, has she ever violated my confidence.

In Hollywood, I'm sorry to say, it isn't always wise to discuss one's career with one's friends. Esther is an exception. I have wept and raged, I have planned and dreamed often in the presence of Esther's friendly ears; the wave length has never been picked up and re-broadcast by Esther's gifted tongue.

In this world it is frequently true that the people with the best dispositions are those who have never known hardship or suffering. It is true that sometimes misery makes people mean.

Esther endured a tragedy of her own, but in no way did it warp her outlook on life. When she told me that she and Ben were to have a child, I was thrilled to pieces because I knew how much Esther wanted to start her family. No baby ever born was anticipated with more love and eagerness than *The Greatest's*.

At the end of the picture she was making then, her doctor ordered Esther to bed. She remained a fragile lady for about five days, then began to feel so well that she decided to resume her normal active life.

When Ben had to go to San Francisco for a show, Esther decided to go along, by air, of course. Lou and I agreed to

meet the Gages in San Francisco, which we love, and to spend a few quiet days sightseeing.

The four of us had a gay two days, then decided to drive to Carmel-By-The-Sea to celebrate Ben's birthday. Esther consulted a physician and was given permission to make the trip in our new car.

Lou drove with extreme care, but it became obvious when we were still quite a distance away that Esther was a terribly sick girl. I knew it, not because she said a word, but because she was so quiet. Her lips were colorless when I finally turned in my place beside her on the back seat and started to ask why she was so snooty. The instant she realized that I knew she was in agony, she held her forefinger up to her lips in warning that I was not to tell Lou and Ben.

What I did was to ask Lou if we were going to waste the evening on the highway. Why not step on it? He looked at me as if I were out of my mind, then he caught the psychic wave length that passes between us, and pressed his foot hard on the throttle.

Esther insisted on our stopping at the hotel.

"I'm going to be all right," she whispered fiercely to me. "And I'm NOT going to spoil Ben's birthday party."

In her room while Ben was supervising removal of the luggage downstairs, Esther telephoned the maitre d'hotel and ordered a birthday cake with candles and two bottles of iced champagne. That done, she realized that the celebration could not be held at the hotel.

We rushed her to the hospital where her baby was stillborn. Afterward, when Esther wanted to know if the trip had been the cause of the trouble, the doctors reassured her. The baby's heart was so weak that it could not have lived full-term even if Esther had spent the last three months in the hospital.

Here is the remarkable thing: Only a few hours after Esther lost her child, she was sitting propped up in bed. She had telephoned the hotel and asked that her preparations for Ben's birthday party be transferred to her hospital room. The rest of us were completely demoralized, nervous wrecks. It was *The Greatest* who scolded us for being softies, who insisted that Ben's birthday was a time for gaiety, who insisted that she was fine, and who endeared herself to everyone in that hospital within her first thirty minutes as a patient.

The next day, she had a long talk with me. She said she didn't want me to be frightened by what had happened; didn't want me to develop a neurosis about motherhood. She explained carefully that her case was the exception, not the rule, and that I must dismiss the whole thing from my mind.

The Greatest, the girl who had just been through many hours of anguish and the heartbreak of losing her first child, was reassuring ME, comforting ME, worrying about MY reactions. Finally, crying like a child, I managed to control my voice enough to suggest that she stop worrying about the rest of us, and give some thought to herself.

She looked a little surprised. "I'm all

right, and I'll be all right," she explained gently. "These things are God's will. I would not think of questioning His wisdom."

Not only has Esther a great mind and a sweet spirit, but she is one of the most generous human beings I have ever known. She is generous in little things; she is great-hearted in large matters.

Because she knows that Lou and I would love to build our own home some day (*we get fairly weary of our crowded apartment*) she gave me a magnificent set of sterling silver and crystal coasters. The package bore a card with the notation, "To be used only on the coffee table in your new house. I want mine to be the first gift to wish you happiness in the home you will soon have."

Incidentally, the Gage home is the coziest place I have ever seen. Esther and Ben bought it, knowing that it was sort of a tumbledown beach house, but that its foundations were sound, its siding was aged redwood, and its outlook was one of the most beautiful in California.

Together they repainted it, redecorated it and modernized it. Esther made most of her own slip covers, installed trinket shelves and edged them with plaid, prowled around antique shops for some of her treasures. The entire effect is as genuine as a blue-white diamond, but as unpretentious as wood violets.

This comfortable house with its always-burning fireplace, its deep lounges, and its supremely hospitable host and hostess is the headquarters for an enthusiastic group of friends who insist upon bringing *their* friends, "just to see

what *real* people Ben and Esther are."

Last Christmas was a good example of the sort of thing that goes on all the time at Chez Gage. *The Tallest* and *The Greatest* had invited a select group of people from the radio station and from the studio to join them for a joyous Jerry on Christmas Eve. Under the Christmas tree were gifts for everyone invited. As is usually the case, the invited guests brought those of their acquaintances who were far from home, alone or lonely.

When gifts were opened, Esther could not endure the sight of anyone who wasn't surrounded by cast-off paper and ribbon. One unexpected guest was given a lavish wicker basket in which there were four bottles of rare French champagne (*a gift, until the tag was torn off, from a studio admirer to Esther*.) Another unexpected guest fell heir to a set of sterling ash trays. Another was speechless upon receipt of a hamper of imported cheeses upon a white birch tray. Someone received two matched volumes of poetry, and someone else carried away a pound of English pipe tobacco which had been intended by Esther for Ben.

In brief, when the crowd had cleared out, the only gifts left under Esther's tree were those from her own family and her closest personal friends. All the rest had gone to brighten the holiday of others.

Esther tipped back her head in ecstasy.

"One of the loveliest Christmases I have ever known. Wasn't it lucky the presents didn't run out!" she rejoiced.

There is no way to top the splendor of a girl like that. She is *The Greatest!*

Your Guide To Current Films

Continued from page 15

William Bendix, as he draws his last breath, while the mob who caused all the trouble in the first place is strewn around the luxurious living-room.

Larceny

Universal-International

JOAN CAULFIELD doesn't stand a chance when slick confidence-man John Payne charms her out of sorrowing for her husband who was killed overseas, and also charms her out of \$100,000 for a phoney war memorial. Working under orders from Boss Dan Duryea, Payne has to go through with the plans for the swindle even though he falls for Miss Caulfield, but a murder-frame-up makes him see the light. Shelley Winters does a torrid bit of acting as the gal who's just ma-a-ad for Payne.

Julia Misbehaves

MGM

NOT only does *Julia* misbehave, but so does Greer Garson, who plays *Julia*, a divorcee reappearing to see her now grown-up daughter wed. En route, *Julia* gets involved with an acrobatic troupe whose maestro is Cesar Romero, and she sings, dances and swings on the

stage curtains like a slightly restrained Betty Hutton. Walter Pidgeon plays Miss Garson's ex-husband, and he naturally falls in love with her all over again. All in all, when *Julia* takes over, things start happening like crazy, including daughter's change of groom, to Peter Lawford, at the 11th hour. The finale is nothing short of slapstick with Miss Garson and Pidgeon finding out that they do love each other—but definitely—while slipping around in about two feet of mud.

A Southern Yankee

MGM

THOUGH Red Skelton seems to be putting on a little more weight, he's still one of the funniest comedians on the screen. This time, he's a bellhop who gets mixed up with some Southern spies during the Civil War. Not only does he become a spy, too, but masquerades as the most fearless, daring, courageous agent the rebel South has:—THE SPIDER! While trying to keep his Yankee identity hidden, Red has to cope with Brian Donlevy, a session with the dentist, a firing squad, a Southern drawl that keeps slipping, and the usual Skelton dilemmas. It's fun and lots of it.



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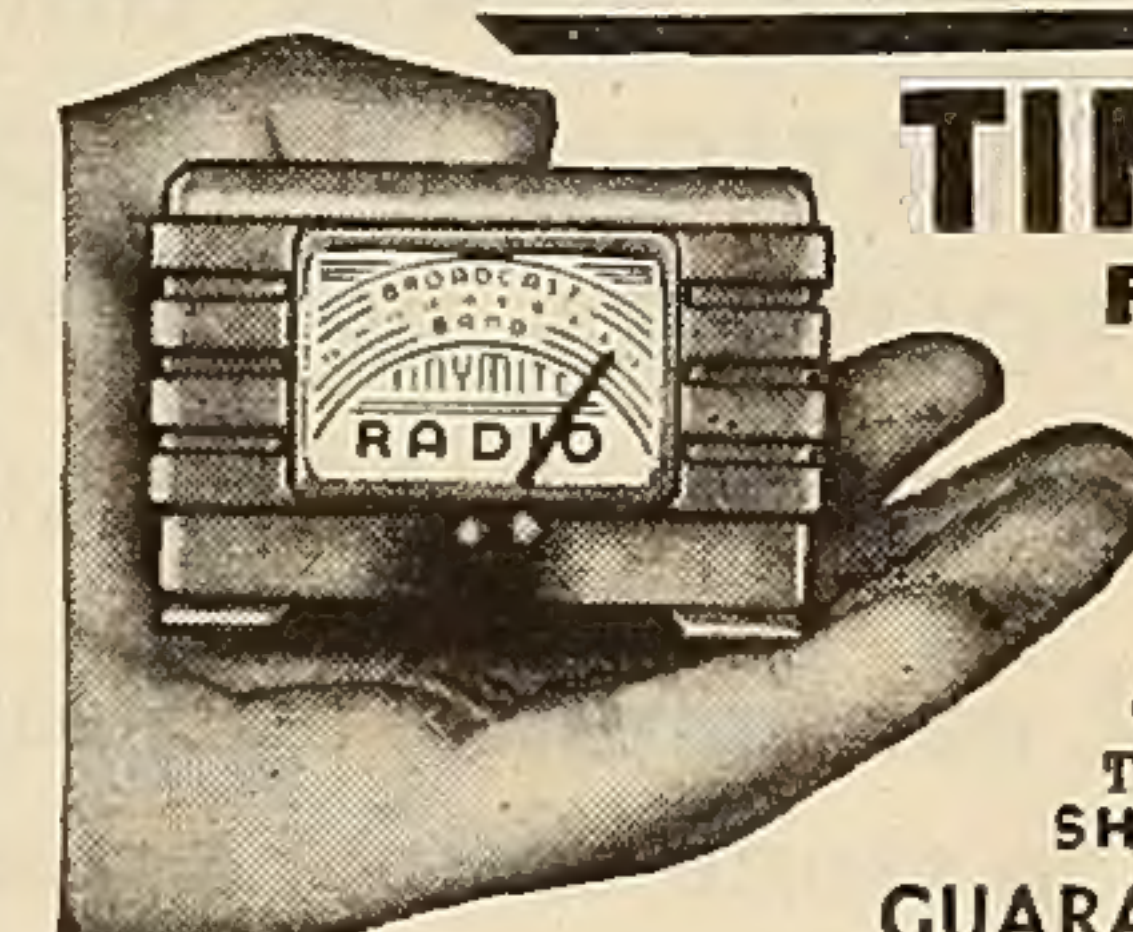
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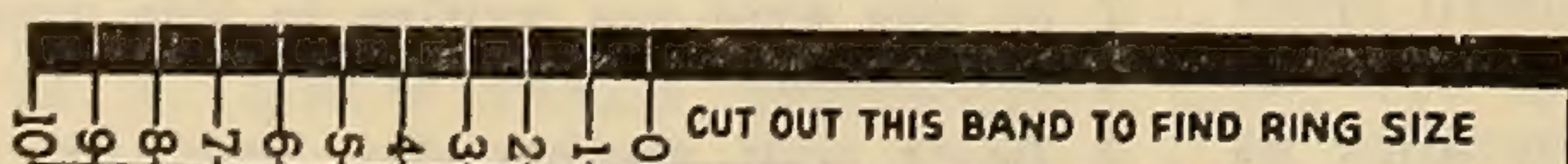
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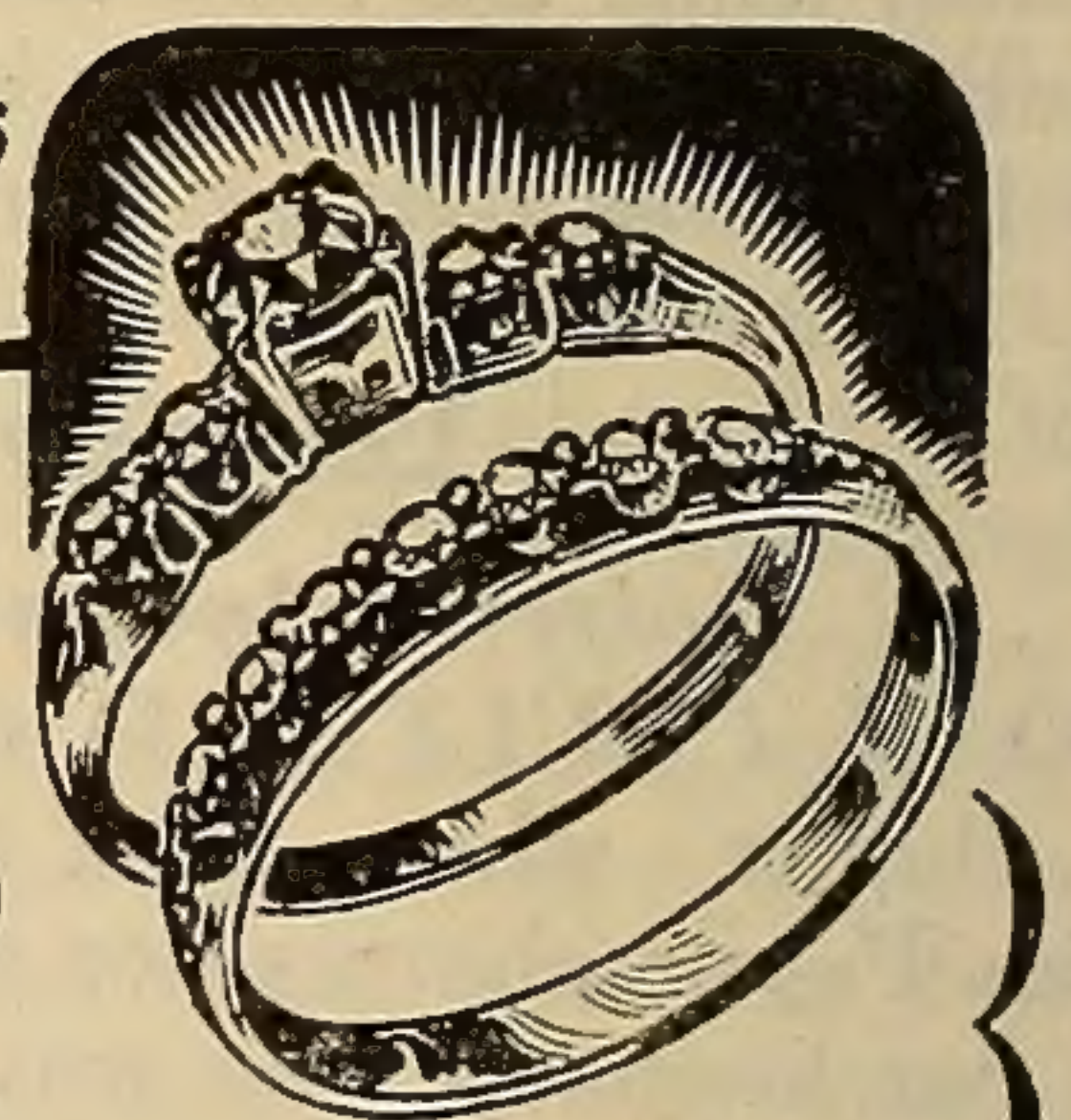


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